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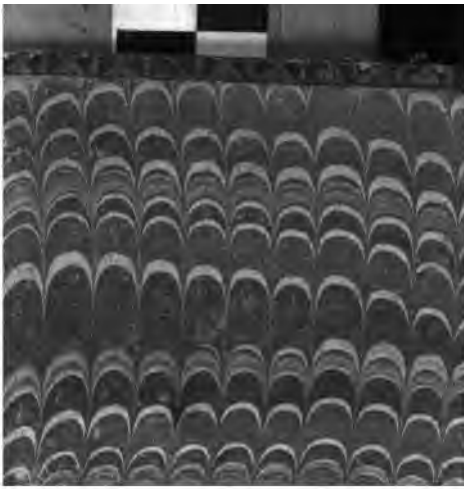
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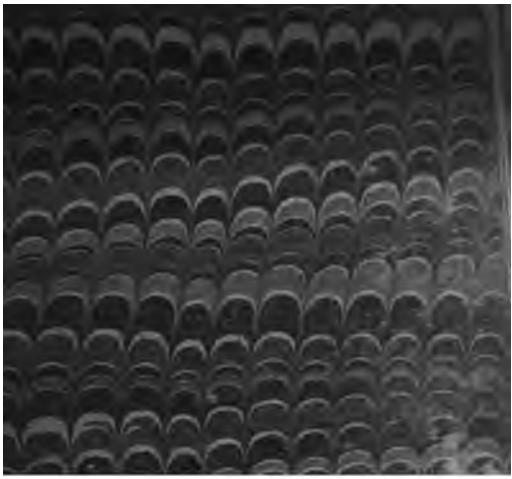
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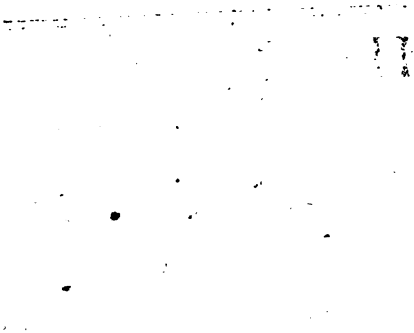


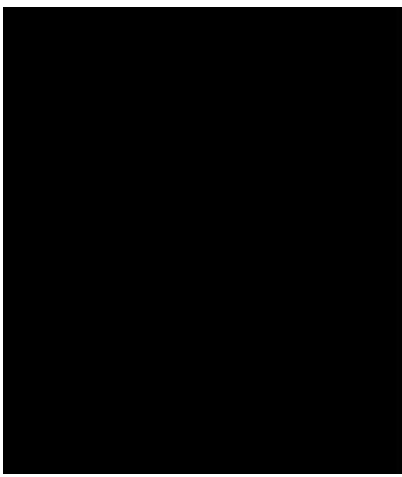



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HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS.

In THREE BOOKS.

I. Collected from the Scriptures.
II. Composed on Divine Subjects.
III. Prepared for the LORD's Supper.

By *I. WATTS*, D. D.

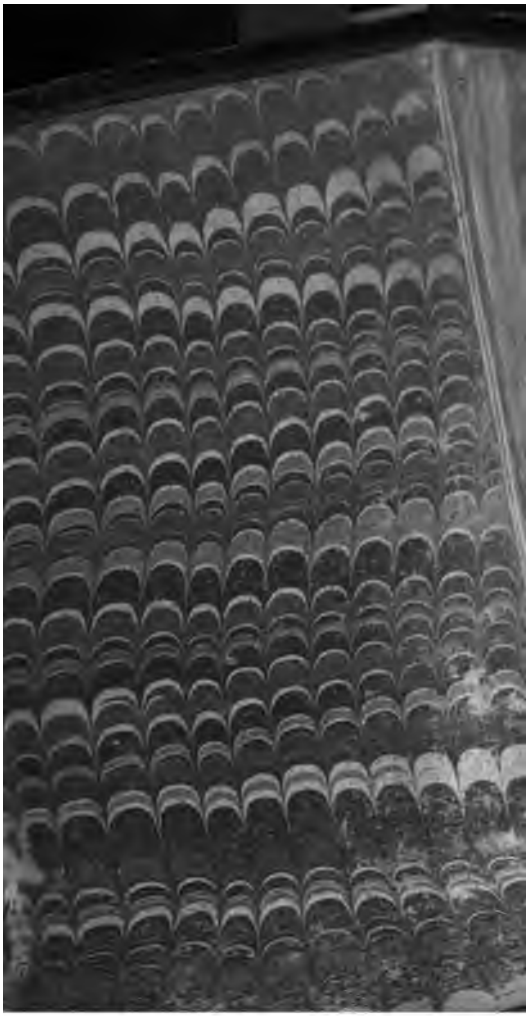
And they sung a new Song, saying, Thou art worthy, &c. for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us, &c. Rev. v. 9.

Soliti essent (i. e. *Christiani*) convenire, ad canendum inter se invicem, et dicendum carmen Christo quasi Deo dicere. *Plin. in Epist.*

LONDON:
Printed for W. STRAHAN, J. and F. RIVINGTON, J. BUCKLAND, G. KEITH, L. HAWES, W. CLARKE & B. COLLINS, T. LONGMAN, *T. FIELD, and E.* and C. DILLY.
M DCC LXXIII.

147 a 134





need of no Correction or Improvement: But of all our Religious Solemnities, *Pſalmody* is the moſt unhappily managed: That very Action which ſhould elevate us to the moſt delightful and divine Senſations, doth not only flatten our Devotion, but too often awakes our Regret, and touches all the Springs of Uneaſineſs within us.

I have been long convinced, that one great Occaſion of this Evil ariſes from the Matter and Words to which we confine all our Songs. Some of them are almoſt oppoſite to the Spirit of the Goſpel: Many of them foreign to the State of

thing but the Heart of David. Thus our own Hearts are as it were forbid the Purſuit of the Song, and then the Harmony and the Worſhip grow dull of mere Neceſſity.

Many Miniſters, and many private Chriſtians, have long groaned under this Inconvenience, and have wiſhed, rather than attempted a Reformation: At their importunate and repeated Requeſts, I have for ſome Years paſt devoted many Hours of Leiſure to this Service. Far be it from my Thoughts to lay aſide the Book of *Pſalms* in public Worſhip: few can pretend ſo

NOW let me give a ſhort Account of the following Compoſures.

The greateſt Part of them are ſuited to the general State of the Goſpel, and the moſt common Affairs of Chriſtians: I hope there will be very few found but what may properly be uſed in a religious Aſſembly, and not one of them but may well be adapted to ſome Seaſons either of private or public Worſhip. The moſt frequent Tempers and Changes of our Spirit, and Conditions of our Life, are here copied, and the Breathings of our Piety expreſſed according to the Variety of our Paſſions, our Love, our Fear, our Hope, our Deſire, our Sorrow, our Wonder and our Joy, as they are refined into Devotion, and Act under the Influence and Conduct of the bleſſed SPIRIT; all converſing with GOD the Father by *the new and living Way* of acceſs to the Throne, even the Perſon and the Mediation of our Lord JESUS CHRIST. To Him alſo, even *to the Lamb that was ſlain and now lives*, I have addreſſed many a Song; for thus doth the Holy Scripture inſtruct and teach us to worſhip, in the various ſhort Patterns of Chriſtian Pſalmody deſcribed in the *Revelation*. I have avoided the more obſcure and controverted Points of Chriſtianity, that we might all obey the Direction of the Word of GOD, and *ſing his Praiſes with Underſtanding*, Pſalm xlvii. 7. The Contentions and diſtinguiſhing Words of Sects and Parties *are ſecluded, that* whole Aſſemblies might all

at the Harmony, and different Churches join in the ſame Worſhip without Offence.

If any Expreſſions occur to the Reader that ſavour of an Opinion different from his own, yet he may obſerve, theſe are generally ſuch as are capable of an extenſive Senſe, and may be uſed with a charitable Latitude. I think it is moſt agreeable, that what is provided for public ſinging, ſhould give to ſincere Conſciences as little Diſturbance as poſſible. However, where any unpleaſing Word is found, he that leads the Worſhip may ſubſtitute a better: for bleſſed

lay to the Verſe, leſt a more exalted Turn
ought or Language ſhould darken or diſ-
he Devotion of the weakeſt Souls. But
it comes to paſs, that I have been forced
aſide many Hymns after they were finiſh-
d utterly exclude them from this Volume,
e of the bolder Figures of Speech that
ld themſelves into the Verſe, and a more
fined Variety of Numbers, which I ſtill
ſily retain.

ſe, with many other Divine and Moral
oſures, are now printed in a *Second* Edi-
f the Poems intitled, *Horæ Lyricæ*; for as
t Book I have endeavoured to pleaſe and
the politer Part of Mankind, without of-
ng the plainer Sort of Chriſtians, ſo in this,
been my Labour to promote the pious En-
ment of Souls truly ſerious, even of the
ſt Capacity, and at the ſame Time (if poſ-
not to give Diſguſt to Perſons of richer
and nicer Education; and I hope, in the
t Volume, this End will appear to be
d with much greater Happineſs than in
ſt Impreſſion of it, though the World aſ-
ne the former has not much Reaſon to
ain.

whole is divided into Three Books.
he *Firſt*, I have borrowed the Senſe and
of the Form of the Song from ſome par-
Portions of Scripture, and have para-
moſt of the Doxologies in the New Te-

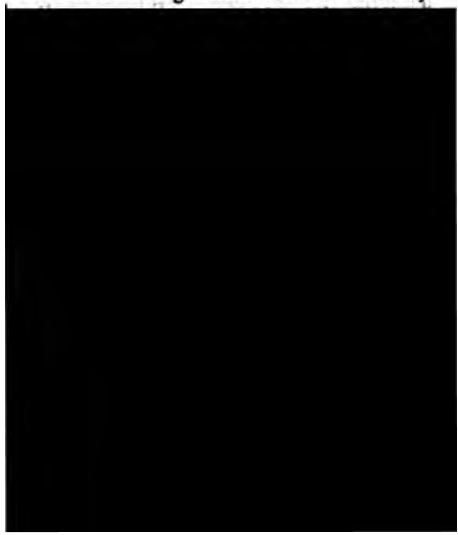
tament, that contain any Thing in them peculiarly Evangelical; and many Parts of the Old Teſtament alſo, that have a Reference to the Times of the MESSIAH. In theſe I expect to be often cenſured for a too religious Obſervance of the Words of Scripture, whereby the Verſe is weakened and debaſed, according to the Judgment of the Critics; But as my whole Deſign was to aid the Devotion of Chriſtians, ſo more eſpecially in this Part: And I am ſatisfied I ſhall hereby attain two Ends, namely, aſſiſt the

The *Second Part* conſiſts of HYMNS whoſ Form is of mere Human Compoſure; but I hop the Senſe and Materials will always appear Di vine. I might have brought ſome Text or othe and applied it to the Margin of every Verſe, this Method had been as uſeful as it was eaſy If there be any Poems in the Book that are ca pable of giving Delight to Perſons of a more re fined Taſte and polite Education, perhaps the may be found in this Part; but except they la aſide the Humour of Criticiſm, and enter int a devout Frame, every Ode here already deſpai of pleaſing. I confeſs myſelf to have been to often tempted away from the more ſpiritual De ſigns I propoſed, by ſome gay and flowery Ex preſſions that gratified the Fancy; the brigh Images too often prevailed above the Fire o divine Affection, and the Light exceeded th Heat: Yet, I hope, in many of them the Reade will find, that Devotion dictated the Song, an the Head and Hand were nothing but Interpre ters and Secretaries to the Heart: Nor is th Magnificence or Boldneſs of the Figure com parable to that divine Licence which is foun in the Eighteenth and Sixty-eighth Pſalms, ſe veral Chapters of Job, and other poetical Par of Scripture: And in this reſpect I may hope t eſcape the reproof of thoſe who pay a ſacred Re verence to the holy Bible.

I have prepared the *Third Part* only for t *Celebration of the* LORD's Supper, that, in



i of our bleſſed Saviour, we may ſing in
n after we have partaken of the Bread and
:; here you will find ſome Paraphraſes of
ture, and ſome other Compoſitions. There
bove an Hundred Hymns in the two former
, that may very properly be uſed in this
ıance, and ſometimes perhaps appear more
le than any of theſe laſt: But there are
eſſions generally uſed in theſe, which con-
hem only to the Table of the LORD; and
fore I have diſtinguiſhed and ſet them by



the Church, by the large Improvements of thi
Edition, if the LORD who dwells in Zion sha
favour it with his continued Blessing.

Note, In all the longer Hymns, and in some o
the shorter, there are several Stanzas included i
Crotchets thus [ ]; which Stanzas may be le
out in singing without disturbing the Sens
Those Parts are also included in such Crotchets
which contain Words too poetical for meane
Understandings, or too particular for whol
Congregations to sing. But after all, it is be
in public Psalmody for the Minister to choo
the particular Parts and Verses of the Psalm o
Hymn that is to be sung, rather than to leave i
to the Judgment or casual Determination of hi
that leads the Tune.

Note, Since the Sixth Edition of this Book
the Author hath finished what he hath so lon
promised, namely, *The Psalms of* DAVID *imitate*
in the Language of the New Testament; which th
World has received with Approbation, by th
Sale of some Thousands in a Year's Time. It
presumed, that Book, in Conjunction with this
may appear to be such a sufficient Provision fo
Psalmody, as to answer most Occasions of th
Christian's Life: And, if an Author's own Opi
nion may be taken, he esteems it the greatest
Work that he ever has published, or ever hop
to do, for the Use of the Churches.

March 3, 1718.

ers, *a*, *b*, *c*, denote the Ift, IIa, or
The Figures direct to the Hymn.

A	Book	Hy.
and tremble, for our God	*a*	42
and did my Saviour bleed	*b*	9
thy wond'rous Name	*c*	33
'anities be gone	*a*	25
Wretches yet alive	*b*	105
his Body die	*b*	110
he Scales have left mine Eyes	*b*	81
oul, my joyful Powers	*b*	82
nmand, our dearest Lord	*c*	19
ile God's exalted Son	*b*	130
y Heart, arise, my Tongue	*a*	20
away our Fears	*a*	48

Book IV.

old the Potter and the Clay - - a 117
old the Rose of Sharon here - - a 68
hold the Woman's promis'd Seed - b 135
ehold the Wretch whose Lust and Wine a 123
Behold what wond'rous Grace - - a' 64
Bless'd are the humble Souls that see - a 10
Bless'd be the everlasting God - - a 2
Bless'd be the Father and his Love - c
Bless'd is the Man whose cautious Feet a
Bless'd Morning! whose young, &c. - b
Bless'd with the Joys of Innocence - b
Blood has a Voice that moves the Skies b
Bright King of Glory, dreadful God - b
Broad is the Road that leads to Death - b
Bury'd in Shadows of the Night - - a
But few among the carnal Wise - - a

C

CAN Creatures to perfection find - b
Christ and his Cross is all our Theme - a
Come, all harmonious Tongues - - b
Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
Come, happy Souls, approach your God
Come hither, all ye weary Souls - -
Come, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove -
Come, let us join a joyful Tune
Come let us join our chearful Songs -
Come let us lift our joyful Eyes
Come, let us lift our Voices high
Come, we that love the Lord



A TABLE.

D — Book Hy.

Aughters of Sion, come, behold — *a* 72
ar Lord, behold our ſore Diſtreſs — *b* 163
areſt of all the Names above — *b* 148
ath cannot make our Souls afraid — *b* 49
ath may diſſolve my Body now — *a* 27
ath! 'tis a melancholy Day — *b* 52
ceiv'd by ſubtil Snares of Hell — *a* 107
ep in the Duſt before thy Throne — *a* 124
ſcend from Heav'n, immortal Dove — *b* 23
we not know that ſolemn Word — *a* 122
wn headlong from their Native Skies — *b* 96

	Book	Hy.
ry to God that walks the Sky	b	59
ry to God the Father's Name	c	27
l is a Spirit just and wise	a	136
l of the Morning at whose Voice	a	79
l of the Seas, thy thund'ring Voice	b	70
l, the eternal awful Name	b	27
l, who in various Methods told	a	58
preach my Gospel saith the Lord	a	128
worship at Immanuel's Feet	a	146
at God, how infinite art thou	b	67
at God, I own thy Sentence just	a	6
at God, thy Glories shall employ	b	167
at God, to what a glorious Height	b	112
at King of Glory and of Grace	b	159
at was the Day, the Joy was great	b	144
H		
AD I the Tongues of Greeks and Jews	a	134
by the Church, thou sacred Place	b	64
by the Heart where Graces reign	b	38
k I from the Tombs a doleful Sound	b	63
k I the Redeemer from on High	a	76
nwhat the Voice from Heav'n cries	a	16
ce from my Soul, and Thoughts be gone	b	73
k at thy Cross, my dying God	b	113
s as the Heav'ns above the Ground	b	115
t on a Hill of dazzling Light	b	118
our to Thee, Almighty Three	c	25
nna, &c.		15
nns to our conquering King	b	65
ns to the Prince of Light	b	1

How heavy is the Night - - - a
O honourable is the Place - a
O large the Promiſe, how divine a
O oft have Sin and Satan ſtrove - a
O rich are thy Proviſions, Lord - c
O ſad our State by Nature is - - b
O ſhall I praiſe th' Eternal God - b
O ſhort and haſty is our Life - - b
O ſhould the Sons of Adam's Race - a
O ſtrong thine Arm is, mighty God - a
O ſweet and awful is the Place - - c
O vain are all Things here below - b
O wond'rous great, how glorious bright b

I

Cannot bear thine Abſence, Lord - b
Ye immortal Praiſe - - - c

	Book	Hy
ehovah reigns, his Throne is high	b	16
es, in thee our Eyes behold	a	14
us invites his Saints	c	
ſus is gone above the Skies	c	
ſus, the Man of conſtant Grief	a	1
ſus, we bleſs thy Father's Name	a	5
eſus, we bow before thy Feet	c	1
eſus, with all thy Saints above	b	2
n Gabriel's Hand a mighty Stone	a	5
In thine own Ways, O God of Love	a	3
In vain the wealthy Mortals toil	a	2
In vain we laviſh out our Lives	a	
Infinite Grief! amazing Woe	b	9
Join all the Glorious Names	a	1
Join all the Names of Love and Power	a	
Is this the kind Return	b	

K

KIND is the Speech of Chriſt our Lord a

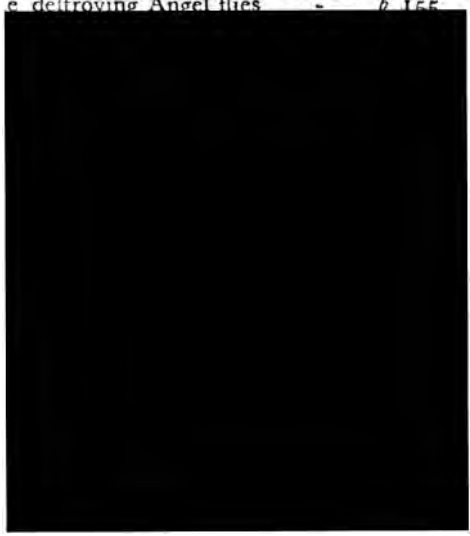
L

LADEN with Guilt, and full of Fears b
Let all our Tongues be one c
Let everlaſting Glories crown b
Let every mortal Ear attend a
Let God the Father live
Let him embrace my Soul and live
Let God the Maker's Name
Let me but hear my Saviour ſay
Let mortal Tongues attempt to ſing
Let others boaſt how ſtrong they be
Let Phariſees of high Eſteem



A TABLE.

	Book	Hy.
the old Heathens tune their Songs -	*b*	21
the Seventh Angel ſound on High -	*a*	65
the whole Race of Creatures lie -	*b*	99
the wild Leopards of the Wood -	*b*	160
them neglect thy Glory, Lord -	*b*	35
us adore th' eternal Word -	*c*	5
and immortal Joys are given -	*b*	127
is the Time to ſerve the Lord -	*a*	88
up your Eyes to the heav'nly Seats	*b*	37
Sheep we went aſtray - -	*a*	142
e deſtroying Angel flies -	*b*	155



M

AN has a Soul of vaſt Deſires - b 146
ken Souls that dream of Heav'n - a 140
ear Redeemer and my Lord - b 129
low ſy Pow'rs, why ſleep ye ſo - b 25
od, how endleſs is thy Love - a 81
od, my Life, my Love - b 93
od, my Portion and my Love - b 94
od, permit me not to be - b 122
od, the Spring of all my Joys - b 54
od, what endleſs Pleaſures dwell - b 42
eart, how dreadful hard it is - b 98
aviour God, my ſovereign Prince b 141
oul, come meditate the Day - b 61
oul forſakes her vain Delight - b 10
houghts on awful Subjects roll - b 2
houghts ſurmount theſe lower Skies b 162

N

AKED as from the Earth we came a 5
e with all her Pow'rs ſhall ſing - b 1
e with open Volume ſtands - c 10
'll repine at Death no more - b 102
ſhall envy them no more - b 56
ore, my God, I boaſt no more - a 109
ye has ſeen, nor Ear has heard - a 165
ll the Blood of Beaſts - a 142
ll the outward Forms on Earth a 95
ifferent *Food* or different Dreſs - a 135
om the Duſt Affliction grows. - a. 83
malicious or profane - a 10

/ have our Hearts embrac'd our God c
/ in the Galleries of his Grace - a
/ in the Heat of youthful Blood - a
/ let a ſpacious World ariſe - b
/ let our Pains be all forgot - c
v let the Father and the Son - c
v let the Lord my Saviour ſmile - b
/ Satan comes with dreadful Roar - b
v ſhall my inward Joys ariſe - a
v to the Lord a noble Song - b
v to the Lord that makes us know - a
v to the Power of God ſupreme - a

O

FOR an overcoming Faith - a
if my Soul were form'd for Woe - b
ne Almighty Lord - - - b

P

Lung'd-in a Gulph of dark Deſpair b 79
ſe, everlaſting Praiſe, be paid - b 60

R

. Aiſe thee, my Soul, fly up, and run b 33
e your triumphant Songs - b 104
, riſe my Soul, and leave the Ground b 17

S

Aints at your heav'nly Father's Word a 129
ration! O the joyful Sound - b 88
where the great incarnate God - a 45
ll the vile Race of Fleſh and Blood - a 82
ll we go on to Sin - - a 106
ll Wiſdom cry aloud - - a 92
ne mighty God, on Britain ſhine - a 35
ut to the Lord, and let our Joys - b 92
has a thouſand treacherous Arts - b 150
like a venemous Diſeaſe - b 153
g to the Lord that built the Skies - b 13
g to the Lord with joyful Voice - a 43
g to the Lord ye heav'nly Hoſts - b 62
ing around our Father's Board - c 23
did the Hebrew Prophet raiſe - a 112
let our Lips and Lives expreſs - a 132
new-born Babes deſire the Breaſt - a 142
nd up, my Soul, ſhake off thy Fears b 77
op down, my Thoughts, that uſe to riſe b 28
ait is *the Way*, *the* Door is ſtrait - b 161

T

Terrible God, that reign'ſt on High b
awful Day will ſurely come - b

Boo

Thee we adore, Eternal Name -
The Glories of my Maker God -
The God of Mercy be ador'd - -
The King of Glory ſends his Son -
The Lands that long in darkneſs lay -
The Law by Moſes came - -
The Law Commands and makes us know
The Lord declares his Will - -
The Lord deſcending from above -
The Lord Jehovah Reigns - -
The Lord on high proclaims - -

	Book	Hy.
ith the Mercy of the Lord	a	181
ith the Wisdom of the Lord	a	93
wours, Lord, surprise our Souls	b	45
what an empty Vapour 'tis	b	48
the Faith of Joys to come	b	139
m the Treasures of his Word	a	147
the Law of Ten Commands	b	124
d the Father, God the Son	c	32
d the only Wise	a	51
d the Father's Throne	c	40
i that chose us first	c	39
eternal God	c	41
by an Order from the Lord	b	151
on that dark that doleful Night	c	1
the Commission of our Lord	a	52
V		
IN are the Hopes the Sons of Men	a	94
re the Hopes that Rebels place	a	99
ten as the sacred Hill	a	22
he Fields where Angels lie	b	41
he Lord, that reigns on High	b	46
W		
E are a Garden wall'd around	a	74
ès the Prophet of the Lord	b	132
g th' amazing Deeds	c	17
ig the glories of thy Love	a	56
me sweet Day of Rest	b	14
the Redeemer's gone	b	86
different Pow'rs of Grace and Sin	b	143
tual Honours shall we bring	a	6

	Book
What happy Men or Angels theſe -	*a*
What mighty Man or mighty God -	*a*
Whence do our mournful Thoughts ariſe	*a*
When I can read my Title clear -	*b*
When in the Light of Faith Divine -	*b*
When I ſurvey the wond'rous Croſs -	*c*
When we are rais'd from deep Diſtreſs -	*a*
When Strangers ſtand and hear me tell -	*a*
When the firſt Parents of our Race -	*b*
When the great Builder arch'd the Skies -	*b*
Where are the Mourners, ſaith the Lord	*b*

HYMNS
SPIRITUAL SONGS.

BOOK I.

Collected from the HOLY SCRIPTURES.

I. *A new Song to the Lamb that was slain,* Rev. v. 6, 8, 9—12.

1 BEHOLD the Glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's Throne:
Prepare new Honours for his Name
And Songs before unknown.

2 Let Elders worship at his Feet,
The Church adore around,
With Vials full of Odours sweet,
And Harps of sweeter Sound.

3 *Those are the Prayers* of the Saints,
And these the Hymns they raise:

id open ev'ry Seal:
hall fulfil thy great Decrees,
ne Son deſerves it well;
in his Hand the ſov'reign Keys
f Heav'n, and Death, and Hell!]

w to the Lamb that once was ſlain
3e endleſs Bleſſings paid,
lvation, Glory, Joy, remain
For ever on thy Head.

hou haſt redeem'd our Souls with Blood,
Haſt ſet the Pris'ners free,
laſt made us Kings and Prieſts to GOD,
And we ſhall reign with Thee.

he Worlds of Nature and of Grace
...th thy Power;

With God he was; the Word was God,
And muſt divinely be ador'd.

2 By his own Pow'r all Things were made;
By him ſupported all Things ſtand;
He is the whole Creation's Head,
And Angels fly at his Command.

3 Ere Sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the Hoſt of Morning Stars;
(Thy Generation, who can tell,
Or count the Number of thy Years?)

4 But lo, he leaves thoſe heav'nly Forms;
The Word deſcends and dwells in Clay,
That he may hold converſe with Worms,
Dreſs'd in ſuch feeble Fleſh as they.

5 Mortals with Joy beheld his Face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son;
How full of Truth! how full of Grace!
When thro' his Eyes the Godhead ſhone!

6 Archangels leave their high Abode,
To learn new Myſteries here, and tell
The Loves of our deſcending God,
The Glories of IMMANUEL.

III. *The Nativity of* CHRIST, Luke i. 30, &c. Luke ii. 10, &c.

1 BEHOLD, the Grace appears,
The Promiſe is fulfill'd;

Mary the wondrous Virgin bears,
And Jesus is the Child.

The Lord, the highest God,
Calls him his only Son;
He leads him into the Lands abroad,
And gives him David's Throne.

Over Jacob shall he reign
With a peculiar Sway;
The Nations shall his Grace obtain,
His Kingdom never decay.

To bring the glorious News

9 "Glory to God on High!
"And heav'nly Peace on Earth.
"Good-will to Men, to Angels Joy,
"At our Redeemer's Birth."

IV. *Referred to the second Pſalm.*

V. *Submiſſion to Affective Providences,* Job i. 21.

1 NAKED as from the Earth we came,
And crept to Life at firſt;
We to the Earth return again,
And mingle with our Duſt.

2 The dear Delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but ſhort Favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our Comforts high,
Or ſinks them in the Grave!
He gives, and (bleſſed be his Name!)
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry Paſſions then!
Let each rebellious Sigh
Be ſilent at his ſov'reign Will,
And ev'ry Murmur die.

5 If ſmiling Mercy crown our Lives,
Its Praiſes ſhall be ſpread;
And we'll adore the Juſtice too
That ſtrikes our Comforts dead.

HYMNS AND

ary the wondrous Virgin bears,
And Jesus is the Child.
The Lord, the higheſt God,
Calls him his only Son;
He bids him rule the Lands abroad,
And gives him David's Throne.
O'er Jacob ſhall he reign
With a peculiar Sway;
The Nations ſhall his Grace obtain,
His Kingdom never decay.

3 To bring the glorious News
[illegible]nly Form appears;
[illegible]herds of their Joys,
[illegible]Fears.

Trumpet of the Goſpel ſounds
ith an inviting Voice.
all ye hungry ſtarving Souls
nat feed upon the Wind,
vainly ſtrive with earthly Toys
o fill an empty Mind.
rnal Wiſdom has prepar'd
A Soul-reviving Feaſt,
d bid your longing Appetites
The rich Proviſion taſte.
! ye that pant for living Streams,
And pine away and die;
ere you may quench your raging Thirſt
With Springs that never dry.
ivers of Love and Mercy here
In a rich Ocean join;
alvation in abundance flows,
Like Floods of Milk and Wine.
Ye periſhing and naked Poor,
Who work with mighty Pain
o weave a Garment of your own,
That will not hide your Sin;
ome naked, and adorn your Souls
In Robes prepar'd by GOD,
Vrought by the Labours of his Son,
And dy'd in his own Blood.]
ear GOD! the Treaſures of thy Love
Are everlaſting Mines,
eep as our helpleſs Mis'ries are,
And boundleſs as our Sins!

	Book	Hy.
Let the old Heathens tune their Songs -	*b*	21
Let the Seventh Angel ſound on High -	*a*	65
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AKED as from the Earth we came a 5
: with all her Pow'rs ſhall ſing - b 1
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ll repine at Death no more - b 102
ſhall envy them no more - b 56
ore, my God, I boaſt no more - a 109
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e Bowels of my God
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atan comes with dreadful Roar - *b* 157
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o the Power of God ſupreme - *a* 137

O

an overcoming Faith - *a* 17
for Woe - *b* 106

" Zion behold thy Saviour-King,
" He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our Ears
That hear this joyful Sound,
Which Kings and Prophets waited for,
And ſought, but never found!

4 How bleſſed are our Eyes
That ſee this heavenly Light;
Prophets and Kings deſir'd it long,
But dy'd without the Sight!

5 The Watchmen join their Voice,
And tuneful Notes employ;
Jeruſalem breaks forth in Songs,
And Deſerts learn the Joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his Arm
Thro' all the Earth abroad:
Let ev'ry Nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

11. *The Humble enlightened, and carnal Reaſon humbled:* or *The Sovereignty of Grace,* Luke x. 21, 22.

THere was an Hour when CHRIST rejoic'd,
And ſpoke his Joy in Words of Praiſe;
" Father, I thank thee, mighty GOD,
" LORD of the Earth, and Heav'ns and Seas.

" *I thank thy ſov'reign Pow'r and Love,*
" *That crowns my Doctrine with Succeſs;*

H O ſhall the [illegible]
'Tis GOD that juſtifies their Souls;
Mercy, like a mighty Stream,
all their Sins divinely rolls.

o ſhall adjudge the Saints to Hell?
; CHRIST that ſuffer'd in their Stead;
d the Salvation to fulfil,
hold him riſing from the Dead!

: lives! He lives! and ſits Above,
r ever interceding there:
/ho ſhall divide us from his Love?
r what ſhould tempt us to Deſpair?

hall Perſecution, or Diſtreſs,
amine, or Sword, or Nakedneſs?
le that hath lov'd us bears us there,
[illegible] than Conqu'rors too.

I. Our own Weakneſs, and CHRIST *a*
2 Cor. xii. 7, 9, 10.

1 LET me but hear my Saviour ſay,
"Strength ſhall be equal to thy Day;"
Then I rejoice in deep Diſtreſs,
Leaning on all-ſufficient Grace.

2 I glory in Infirmity,
That CHRIST's own Power may reſt on me;
When I am weak then am I ſtrong,
Grace is my Shield and CHRIST my Song.

3 I can do all Things, or can bear
All Suff'rings, if my LORD be there;
Sweet Pleaſures mingle with the Pains,
While his left Hand my Head ſuſtains.

4 But if the LORD be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the Work alone,
When new Temptations ſpring and riſe,
We find how great our Weakneſs is.

5 So Samſon when his Hair was loſt,
Met the Philiſtines to his Coſt;
Shook his vain Limbs with ſad Surpriſe,
Made feeble Fight, and loſt his Eyes.

XVI. *Hoſanna to* CHRIST, Matt. xxi. 9. Luke xix. 38, 40.

HOSANNA to the royal Son
Of David's ancient Line!

'd He that comes ...
'ith peaceful News from Heav ...
annas of the higheſt Strain
o CHRIST the LORD be giv'n!
Mortals ne'er refuſe to take
Th' Hoſanna on their Tongues,
ſt Rocks and Stones ſhould riſe and break
Their Silence into Songs.

VII. *Victory over Death.* 1 Cor. xv. 55, &c.

O For an overcoming Faith
To chear my dying Hours,
To triumph o'er the Monſter, Death,
And all his frightful Pow'rs!
... ſtrength I have,

Rev. xiv.

what the Voice from Heav'n pro-
all the pious Dead; [claims
ie Savour of their Names,
their sleeping Bed.
n JESUS, and are bless'd;
ind their Slumbers are!
Prings and from Sins releas'd,
eed from ev'ry Snare.
this World of Toil and Strife,
re present with the LORD;
bours of their mortal Life
in a large Reward.

Death made desirable,

When fondly in his wither'd Arms
He claſp'd the holy Child;

3 "Now I can leave this World, he cry'd;
"Behold thy Servant dies:
"I've ſeen thy great Salvation, LORD;
"And cloſe my peaceful Eyes.

4 "This is the Light prepar'd to ſhine
"Upon the Gentile Lands;
"Thine Iſrael's Glory, and their Hope,
"To break their ſlaviſh Bands."

[5 JESUS! the Viſion of thy Face

8 And left the Shadow of a Spot
Should on my Soul be found,
He took the Robe the Saviour wrought,
And caſt it all around.

4 How far the heav'nly Robe exceeds
What earthly Princes wear!
Theſe Ornaments, how bright they ſhine!
How white the Garments are!

5 The Spirit wrought my Faith, and Love,
And Hope, and ev'ry Grace;
But JESUS ſpent his Life to work
The Robe of Righteouſneſs.

6 Strangely, my Soul, art thou array'd
By the great Sacred Three!
In ſweeteſt Harmony of Praiſe
Let all thy Powers agree.

XXI. *A Viſion of the Kingdom of* CHRIST *among Men*, Rev. xxi. 1—4.

1 LO, what a glorious Sight appears
To our believing Eyes!
The Earth and Seas are paſs'd away,
And the old rolling Skies:

2 From the third Heav'n, where GOD reſides,
That holy, happy Place,
The New Jeruſalem comes down,
Adorn'd with ſhining Grace.

3 *Attending* Angels ſhout for Joy,
And the bright Armies ſing,

"Mortals, behold the ſacred Seat
"Of your deſcending King!
4 "The God of Glory down to Men
"Removes his bleſt Abode,
"Men, the dear Objects of his Grace,
"And He the loving God.
5 "His own ſoft Hand ſhall wipe the Tea
"From ev'ry weeping Eye;
"And Pains and Groans, and Griefs and F
"And Death itſelf ſhall die."
6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long!
Shall this bright Hour delay?

And bid a long, a ſad Farewel,
To the pale Lump of lifeleſs Clay.

4 Thence they are huddled to the Grave,
Where Kings and Slaves have equal Thrones;
Their Bones without Diſtinction lie,
Amongſt the Heap of meaner Bones.

The reſt referred to the 49th Pſalm.

XXV. *A Viſion of the Lamb*, Rev. v. 6—9.

1 ALL Mortal Vanities begone,
Nor tempt my Eyes, nor tire my Ears;
Behold amidſt th' eternal Throne
A Viſion of the Lamb appears.

[2 Glory his fleecy Robe adorns,
Mark'd with the bloody Death he bore;
Sev'n are his Eyes, and ſev'n his Horns,
To ſpeak his Wiſdom and his Power.

3 Lo, he receives a ſealed Book
From Him that ſits upon the Throne:
JESUS, my LORD, prevails to look
On dark Decrees, and Things unknown.]

4 All the aſſembling Saints around
Fall worſhipping before the Lamb,
And in new Songs of Goſpel-ſound
Addreſs their Honours to his Name.

[5 *The Joy, the Shout*, the Harmony
Flies o'er the everlaſting Hills;

"Worthy art thou alone, they cry,
"To read the Book, to loose the Seals."]
6 Our Voices join the heav'nly Strain,
And with tranſporting Pleaſure ſing,
"Worthy the Lamb that once was ſlain,
"To be our Teacher and our King!"
7 His Words of Prophecy reveal
Eternal Counſels, deep Deſigns;
His Grace and Vengeance ſhall fulfil
The peaceful and the dreadful Lines:
8 Thou haſt redeem'd our Souls from Hell
[illegible] thine invaluable Blood;
[illegible] once rebel,

tho' our inbred Sins require
r Flesh to see the Dust,
s the LORD our Saviour rose,
all his Followers must.

e's an Inheritance Divine,
serv'd against that Day;
incorrupted, undefil'd,
d cannot fade away.

s by the Power of GOD are kept
l the Salvation come;
walk by Faith as Strangers here,
ll CHRIST shall call us Home.

. *Assurance of Heaven: or, a Saint pre-*
pared to die, 2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8, 18.

EATH may dissolve my Body now,
And bear my Spirit home;
do my Minutes move so slow,
ir my Salvation come?

heav'nly Weapons I have fought
e Battles of the LORD,
h'd my Course and kept the Faith,
d wait the sure Reward.]

has laid up in Heav'n for me
Crown which cannot fade;
righteous Judge at that great Day
all place it on my Head.

hath the King of Grace decreed
Prize for me alone;

But all that love, and long to see
Th' Appearance of his Son.

5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe
From ev'ry ill Design;
And to his heav'nly Kingdom take
This feeble Soul of mine.

6 God is my everlasting Aid,
And Hell shall rage in vain;
To Him be highest Glory paid,
And endless Praise. *Amen.*

The Triumph of Christ over the Enemie
—3, &c.

Edom's Blood that dyes my Robes
/ith joyful ſcarlet Stains;
: Triumph that my Raiment wears
ſprung from my bleeding Veins.

.us ſhall the Nations be deſtroy'd
That dare inſult my Saints:
iave an Arm t' avenge their Wrongs,
An Ear for their Complaints."

K. *The Second Part:* or *The Ruin of Anti-chriſt*, ver. 4—7.

I Lift my Banner, ſaith the LORD,
"Where Antichriſt has ſtood;
The City of my Goſpel-foes
"Shall be a Field of Blood.

My Heart has ſtudy'd juſt Revenge,
"And now the Day appears,
The Day of my Redeem'd is come,
"To wipe away their Tears.

Quite weary is my Patience grown.
"And bids my Fury go:
Swift as the Lightning it ſhall move,
"And be as fatal too.

I call for Helpers, but in vain:
"Then has my Goſpel none?
Well, mine own Arm has might enou
"To cruſh my Foes alone.

Slaughter and my devouring Swor
"*Shall walk* the Streets around,



" Babel ſhall reel beneath my Stroke,
" And ſtagger to the Ground."

6 Thy Honours, O victorious King!
Thine own right Hand ſhall raiſe,
While we thy awful Vengeance ſing,
And our Deliv'rer praiſe.

XXX. *Prayer for Deliverance anſwered,* Iſa. xxvi. 8—20.

ord shall boast its Thousands slain,
ink the Blood of haughty Kings,
heav'nly Peace around my Flock
es its soft and downy Wings.

XXI. *Referred to the 1st Psalm.*

. *Strength from Heaven,* Isa. xl. 27—30.

Hence do our mournful Thoughts arise?
And where's our Courage fled?
restless Sin and raging Hell
struck all our Comforts dead?

ave we forgot th' Almighty Name
That form'd the Earth and Sea?
nd can an All-creating Arm
Grow weary or decay?

Treasures of everlasting Might
In our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the Conqueſt to the Weak,
And treads their Foes to Hell.

Mere mortal Pow'r shall fade and die,
And youthful Vigour cease;
But we that wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel our Strength increase.

5 The Saints shall mount on Eagles Wings
And taste the promis'd Bliss,
Till their unwearied Feet arrive,
Where perfect Pleasure is.



XXXIII, XXXIV, XXXV, XXXVI, XXXVI XXXVIII. *Referred to* Pſal. cxxxi, cxxxi lxvii, lxxiii, xc, *and* lxxxiv.

XXXIX. God's *tender Care of his Church,* Iſa. xlix. 13, 14, &c.

1 NOW ſhall my inward Joys ariſe,
And burſt into a Song;
Almighty Love inſpires my Heart,
And Pleaſure tunes my Tongue.

2 God on his thirſty Sion-Hill
Some Mercy-Drops has thrown,
And ſolemn Oaths have bound his Love
To ſhow'r Salvation down.

3 Why do we then indulge our Fears,
Suſpicions and Complaints?
Is he a God, and ſhall his Grace
Grow weary of his Saints?

4 Can a kind Woman e'er forget
The Infant of her Womb,
And 'mongſt a Thouſand tender Thoughts
Her Suckling have no room?

5 "Yet ſaith the Lord, ſhould Nature chang
"And Mothers Monſters prove,
"Sion ſtill dwells upon the Heart
"Of everlaſting Love.

6 "Deep on the Palms of both my Hands
"I have engrav'd her Name;
"My Hands ſhall raiſe her ruin'd Walls,
"*And* build her broken Frame."

XL. *The Buſineſs and Bleſſedneſs of glorified Saints,* Rev. vii. 13, &c.

1 "WHAT happy Men or Angels theſe
"That all their Robes are ſpotleſs [white?
"Whence did this glorious Troop arrive
"At the pure Realms of heav'nly Light?"

2 From tort'ring Racks, and burning Fires,
And Seas of their own Blood, they came:
But nobler Blood has waſh'd their Robes,
Flowing from CHRIST the dying Lamb.

3 Now they approach th' Almighty Throne,
With loud Hoſannas Night and Day,
Sweet Anthems to the Great Three One,
Meaſure their bleſs'd Eternity.

4 No more ſhall Hunger pain their Souls;
He bids their parching Thirſt be gone;
And ſpreads the Shadow of his Wings,
To ſcreen 'em from the ſcorching Sun.

5 The Lamb, that fills the middle Throne,
Shall ſhed around his milder Beams;
There ſhall they feaſt on his rich Love,
And drink full Joys from living Streams.

6 Thus ſhall their mighty Bliſs renew
Thro' the vaſt round of endleſs Years,
And the ſoft Hand of ſov'reign Grace
Heals all their Wounds, and wipes their Tear

XLI. *The same:* or, *The Martyrs glorified,* Rev. vii. 13, &c.

1 "THese glorious Minds, how bright they shine
"Whence all their white Array?
"How came they to the happy Seats
"Of everlasting Day?"

2 From tort'ring Pains to endless Joys
On fiery Wheels they rode,
And strangely wash'd their Raiment whi

XLII. *Divine Wrath and Mercy; from* Nahum i. 1, &c.

1 ADORE and tremble, for our God
Is a **Conſuming Fire;*
His jealous Eyes his Wrath inflame,
And raiſe his Vengeance higher.

2 Almighty Vengeance, how it burns!
How bright his Fury glows!
Vaſt Magazines of Plagues and Storms,
Lie treaſur'd for his Foes.

3 Thoſe Heaps of Wrath by ſlow Degrees
Are forc'd into a Flame,
But kindled, O, how fierce they blaze!
And rend all Nature's Frame.

4 At his Approach the Mountains flee,
And ſeek a wat'ry Grave;
The frighted Sea makes haſte away,
And ſhrinks up ev'ry Wave.

5 Thro' the wild Air the weighty Rocks
Are ſwift as Hail-ſtones hurl'd:
Who dares engage his fiery Rage,
That ſhakes the ſolid World?

6 Yet mighty God! thy ſov'reign Grace
Sits Regent on the Throne,
The Refuge of thy choſen Race
When Wrath comes ruſhing down.

7 Thy Hand ſhall on rebellious Kings
A fiery Tempeſt pour,

* *Heb. xii. 29.*

While we beneath thy ſhelt'ring Wings
Thy juſt Revenge adore.

XLIII. *Referred to the* 100*th Pſalm.*
XLIV. *Referred to the* 133*d Pſalm.*

XLV. *The Laſt Judgment*, Rev. xxi. 5—8.

1 SEE where the great incarnate God
Fills a majeſtic Throne,
While from the Skies his awful Voice
Bears the laſt Judgment down.

2 [" I am the Firſt and I the Laſt,

" And headlong plung'd into the Lake
" Where Fire and Darkneſs reigns."]

7 O may I ſtand before the Lamb,
When Earth and Seas are fled!
And hear the Judge pronounce my Name
With Bleſſings on my Head!

8 May I with thoſe for ever dwell
Who here were my Delight,
While Sinners baniſh'd down to Hell,
No more offend my Sight.

XLVI, and XLVII *Referred to* Pſalm 148, *and* Pſalm 3.

XLVIII. *The Chriſtian Race,* Iſa. xl. 28—31.

1 AWAKE our Souls, (away our Fears,
Let ev'ry trembling Thought be gone)
Awake, and run the heav'nly Race,
And put a chearful Courage on.

2 True, 'tis a ſtrait and thorny Road.
And mortal Spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the Strength of ev'ry Saint.

3 The mighty God, whoſe matchleſs Pow'r
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures while endleſs Years
Their everlaſting Circles run.

4 From *Thee, the* overflowing Spring,
Our Souls ſhall drink a freſh Supply,

While ſuch as truſt their native Strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an Eagle cuts the Air,
We'll mount aloft to thine Abode;
On Wings of Love our Souls ſhall fly,
Nor tire amidſt the heav'nly Road.

XLIX. *The Works of Moſes and the Lamb,* Rev. xv. 3.

1 HOW ſtrong thine Arm is, mighty God!
Who would not fear thy Name!



6 Then will our Love and Joy be full,
And feel a warmer Flame,
And ſweeter Voices tune the Song
Of Moſes and the Lamb.

L. *The Song of Zacharias, and the Meſſage of John the Baptiſt:* or *Light and Salvation by* JESUS CHRIST, Luke i. 68, &c. John i. 29, 32.

1 NOW be the GOD of Iſr'el bleſs'd
Who makes his Truth appear;
His mighty Hand fulfils his Word,
And all the Oaths he ſware.

2 Now he bedews old David's Root
With Bleſſings from the Skies;
He makes the Branch of Promiſe grow,
The promis'd Horn ariſe.

[3 John was the Prophet of the LORD,
To go before his Face;
The Herald which our SAVIOUR-GOD
Sent to prepare his Ways.

4 He makes the great Salvation known,
He ſpeaks of pardon'd Sins;
While Grace divine, and heav'nly Love,
In its own Glory ſhines.

5 "Behold the Lamb of GOD," he cries,
"That takes our Guilt away:
"*I ſaw* the Spirit o'er his Head
"*On his* Baptizing-Day.]

6 " Be ev'ry Vale exalted high,
" Sink ev'ry mountain low;
" The Proud muſt ſtoop, and humble Souls
" Shall his Salvation know.

7 " The Heathen Realms with Iſr'el's Land
Shall join in ſweet Accord;
" And all that's born of Man ſhall ſee
" The Glory of the LORD.

8 " Behold the Morning-Star ariſe,
" Ye that in darkneſs ſit;
" He marks the Path that leads to Peace,
" And guides our doubtful Feet."



5 To our Redeemer-God
Wiſdom and Pow'r belongs,
mmortal Crowns of Majeſty,
And everlaſting Songs.

LII. *Baptiſm*, Matt. xxviii. 19. Acts ii. 38.

'TWAS the Commiſſion of our LORD,
"Go teach the Nations, and baptize."
The Nations have receiv'd the Word
Since he aſcended to the Skies.

He ſits upon th' eternal Hills,
With Grace and Pardon in his Hands;
And ſends his Cov'nant with the Seals,
To bleſs the diſtant Britiſh Lands.

"Repent, and be Baptiz'd," he ſaith,
"For the Remiſſion of your Sins;"
And thus our Senſe aſſiſts our Faith,
And ſhews us what his Goſpel means.

Our Souls he waſhes in his Blood,
As Water makes the Body clean;
And the good Spirit from our GOD
Deſcends like purifying Rain.

Thus we engage ourſelves to Thee,
And ſeal our Cov'nant with the LORD;
) may *the great* Eternal Three
n *Heaven our ſolemn* Vows record.

LIII. *The Holy Scriptures.* Heb. i. 1. 2 Ti iii. 15, 16. Pſalm cxlvii. 19, 20.

1 GOD, who in various Methods told
His Mind and Will to Saints of old,
Sent his own Son with Truth and Grac
To teach us in theſe latter Days.

2 Our Nation reads the written Word,
That Book of Life, that ſure Record:
The bright Inheritance of Heav'n,
Is by the ſweet Conveyance giv'n

"CHRIST be my firſt Elect," he ſaid,
Then choſe our Souls in CHRIST our Head,
Before he gave the Mountains Birth,
Or laid Foundations for the Earth.

Thus did Eternal Love begin
To raiſe us up from Death and Sin;
Our Characters were then decreed,
'Blameleſs in Love, a holy Seed."

Predeſtinated to be Sons,
Born by Degrees but choſe at once;
A new regenerated Race,
To praiſe the Glory of his Grace.

With CHRIST our LORD we ſhare our Part
In the Affections of his Heart;
Nor ſhall our Souls be thence remov'd,
Till he forgets his firſt Belov'd.

I. Hezekiah's Song: or *Sickneſs and Recovery*, Iſa. xxxviii. 9, &c.

WHEN we are rais'd from deep Diſtreſs
Our GOD deſerves a Song;
We take the Pattern of our Praiſe
From Hezekiah's Tongue.

The Gates of the devouring Grave
Are open'd wide in vain,
If he that holds the Keys of Death
Commands them faſt again.

Pains of the Fleſh are wont t' abuſe
Our Minds with ſlaviſh Fears;

"Our Days are paſt, and we ſhall loſe
"The Remnant of our Years."

4 We chatter with a Swallow's Voice,
Or like a Dove we mourn,
With Bitterneſs inſtead of Joys,
Afflicted and forlorn,

5 JEHOVAH ſpeaks the healing Word,
And no Diſeaſe withſtands;
Fevers and Plagues obey the LORD,
And fly at his Commands.

6 If half the Strings of Life ſhould break,
He can our Frame reſtore:
He caſts our Sins behind his Back,
And they are found no more.

... or, *Babyl*

Great Babylon, that rules the Earth,
Drunk with the Martyrs' Blood,
Her Crimes ſhall ſpeedily awake
The Fury of our GOD.

The Cup of Wrath is ready mix'd,
And ſhe muſt drink the Dregs;
Strong is the LORD, her ſov'reign Judge,
And ſhall fulfil the Plagues.

VII. *Original Sin:* or, *The firſt and ſecond Adam,* Rom. v. 12, &c. Pſal. li. 5. Job xiv. 4.

BAckward with humble Shame we look
On our Original;
How is our Nature daſh'd and broke
In our firſt Father's Fall?

To all that's Good averſe and blind,
But prone to all that's Ill;
What dreadful Darkneſs veils our Mind!
How obſtinate our Will!

Conceiv'd in Sin (O wretched State!)
Before we draw our Breath;
The firſt young Pulſe begins to beat
Iniquity and Death.

How ſtrong in our degenerate Blood
The old Corruption reigns,
And mingling with the crooked Flood,
Wanders through all our Veins!

5 Wild and unwholſome as the Root
Will all the Branches be;
How can we hope for living Fruit
From ſuch a deadly Tree?

6 What mortal Pow'r from Things unclean
Can pure Productions bring?
Who can command a vital Stream
From an infected Spring?]

7 Yet, mighty GOD! thy wond'rous Love
Can make our Nature clean,
While CHRIST and Grace prevail above
The Tempter, Death and Sin.

8 The ſecond Adam ſhall reſtore
The Ruins of the Firſt:
Hoſanna to that Sov'reign Pow'r

n to the Earth was Satan thrown;
n to the Earth his Legions fell;
was the Trump of Triumph blown,
ſhook the dreadful Deeps of Hell.

is the Hour of Darkneſs paſt,
ier has aſſum'd his reigning Pow'r;
old the great Accuſer caſt
n from the Skies, to riſe no more.

s by thy Blood, immortal Lamb!
e Armies trod the Tempter down;
s by thy Word, and pow'rful Name,
gain'd the Battle and Renown.

ice, ye Heav'ns; let ev'ry Star
e with new Glories round the Sky;
ts, while ye ſing the heav'nly War,
e your Deliv'rer's Name on High.

X. *Babylon fallen*, Rev. xviii. 20, 21

l Gabriel's Hand a mighty Stone
Lies, a fair Type of Babylon:
ophets rejoice, and all ye Saints,
on ſhall avenge your long Complaints.

aid, and dreadful as he ſtood,
ſunk the Mill-ſtone in the Flood:
us *terribly* ſhall Babel fall,
n, and no more be found at all.

X. *The Virgin Mary's Song*: or, *The promised Meſſiah born*, Luke i. 46, &c.

OUR Souls ſhall magnify the LORD;
In GOD the Saviour we rejoice:
While we repeat the Virgin's Song
May the ſame Spirit tune our Voice!

2 The Higheſt ſaw her low Eſtate,
And mighty Things his Hand hath done:
His over-ſhadowing Pow'r and Grace
Makes her the Mother of his Son.

2 Let ev'ry Nation call her bleſs'd,
Bleſs Years prolong her Fame;
[illegible] be ador'd;

XI. CHRIST *our High Prieſt and King*; *and* CHRIST *coming to Judgment*, Rev. i. 5—7.

1 NOW to the LORD, that makes us know
The Wonders of his dying Love,
Be humble Honours paid below,
And Strains of nobler Praiſe above.

2 'Twas he that cleans'd our foulſt Sins,
And waſh'd us in his richeſt Blood;
'Tis he that makes us Prieſts and Kings,
And brings us Rebels near to GOD.

3 To JESUS our atoning Prieſt,
To JESUS our ſuperior King,
Be everlaſting Pow'r confeſs'd,
And ev'ry Tongue his Glory ſing.

4 Behold on flying Clouds he comes,
And ev'ry Eye ſhall ſee him move;
Tho' with our Sins we pierc'd him once;
Then he diſplays his pard'ning Love.

5 The unbelieving World ſhall wail,
While we rejoice to ſee the Day:
Come, LORD! nor let thy Promiſe fail,
Nor let thy Chariots long delay.



LXII. CHRIST JESUS *the Lamb of G worſhipped by all the Creation,* Rev. v. 11—13.

1 COME let us join our chearful Son
With Angels round the Throne;
Ten thouſand thouſand are their Tongue
But all their Joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that dy'd," they c
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb," our Lips reply,
For he was ſlain for us.

3 JESUS is worthy to receive
Honour and Pow'r Divine;
And Bleſſings more than we can give,
Be, LORD, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the Sky,
And Air, and Earth, and Seas;
Conſpire to lift thy Glories high,
And ſpeak thine endleſs Praiſe.

5 The whole Creation join in one,
To bleſs the ſacred Name
Of Him that ſits upon the Throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

LXIII. CHRIST's *Humiliation and Exalt* Rev. v. 12.

1 WHAT equal Honours ſhall we
To thee, O LORD our GOD, the

n all the Notes that Angels ſing
far inferior to thy Name?

rthy is he that once was ſlain,
Prince of Peace that groan'd and dy'd,
rthy to riſe, and live, and reign
iis Almighty Father's Side

'r and Dominion are his due,
o ſtood condemn'd at Pilate's Bar;
dom belongs to JESUS too,
' he was charg'd with Madneſs here.

Riches are his native Right,
he ſuſtain'd amazing Loſs;
him aſcribe eternal Might,
o left his Weakneſs on the Croſs.

iour immortal muſt be paid,
ead of Scandal and of Scorn;
ile Glory ſhines around his Head,
l a bright Crown without a Thorn.

ings for ever on the Lamb,
o bore the Curſe for wretched Men:
Angels ſound his ſacred Name,
l ev'ry Creature ſay, *Amen.*

. *Adoption,* 1 John iii. 1, &c. Gal. iv. 6.

BEhold what wond'rous Grace
The Father has beſtow'd
ners of a Mortal Race,
call them Sons of God!

2 'Tis no ſurpriſing Thing,
That we ſhould be unknown;
The Jewiſh World knew not their King,
GOD's everlaſting Son:

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we muſt be made,
But when we ſee our Saviour here
We ſhall be like our Head.

4 A Hope ſo much divine
May Trials well endure,
May purge our Souls from Senſe and Sin,
As CHRIST the LORD is pure.

2 Almighty GOD, thy Pow'r assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come:
JESUS the Lamb who once was slain,
For ever live, for ever reign!

3 The angry Nations fret and roar,
That they can slay the Saints no more;
On Wings of Veng'ance flies our GOD,
To pay the long Arrears of Blood.

4 Now must the rising Dead appear;
Now the decisive Sentence hear;
Now the dear Martyrs of the LORD
Receive an infinite Reward.

LXVI. CHRIST *the King at his Table*, Cant. i. 2, 3, 4, 5, 12, 13, 17.

1 LET him embrace my Soul and prove
My Int'rest in his heav'nly Love:
The Voice that tells me *Thou art mine*,
Exceeds the Blessings of the Vine.

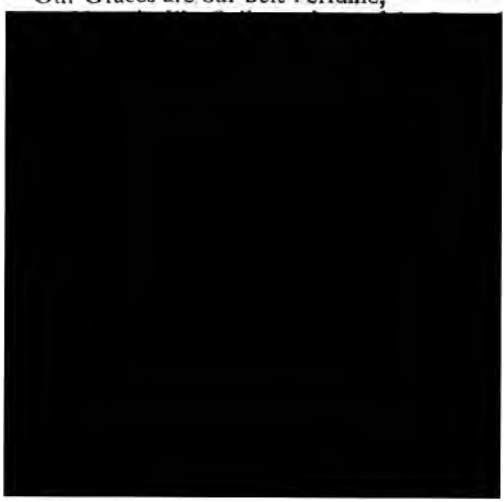
2 On Thee th' anointing Spirit came,
And spreads the Savour of thy Name;
That Oil of Gladness and of Grace,
Draws Virgin Souls to meet thy Face.

3 JESUS, allure me by thy Charms;
My Soul shall fly into thine Arms!
Our wand'ring Feet thy Favours bring
To the fair Chambers of the King.

[4 Wonder and Pleaſure tune our Voice
To ſpeak thy Praiſes and our Joys;
Our Mem'ry keeps this Love of thine
Beyond the Taſte of richeſt Wine.]

5 Tho' in ourſelves deform'd we are,
And black as Kedar's Tents appear;
Yet when we put thy Beauties on,
Fair as the Courts of Solomon.

[6 While at the Table ſits the King,
He loves to ſee us ſmile and ſing:
Our Graces are our beſt Perfume,



2 Where is the Shadow of that Rock,
That from the Sun defends thy Flock?
Fain would I feed among thy Sheep,
Among them reſt, among them ſleep.

3 Why ſhould thy Bride appear like one
That turns aſide to Paths unknown?
My conſtant feet would never rove,
Would never ſeek another Love.

[4 The Footſteps of thy Flock I ſee:
Thy ſweeteſt Paſtures here they be.
A wondrous Feaſt thy Love prepares,
Bought with thy Wounds, and Groans, an
[Tear

5 His deareſt Fleſh he makes my Food,
And bids me drink his richeſt Blood:
Here to theſe Hills my Soul will come,
Till my Beloved lead me Home.]

LXVIII. *The Banquet of Love,* Cant. ii. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7.

1 BEhold the Roſe of Sharon here,
The Lily which the Vallies bear;
Behold the Tree of Life, that gives
Refreſhing Fruit, and healing Leaves.

2 Amongſt the Thorns ſo Lilies ſhine;
Amongſt wild Gourds the noble Vine;
So in mine Eyes my Saviour proves
Amidſt a Thouſand meaner Loves.

3 *Beneath his* cooling Shade I ſat,
To ſhield me from the burning Heat;

Of heav'nly Fruit he ſpreads a Feaſt,
To feed my Eyes, and pleaſe my Taſte.

4 Kindly he brought me to the Place
Where ſtands the Banquet of his Grace;
He ſaw me faint, and o'er my Head
The Banner of his Love he ſpread.

5 With living Bread and gen'rous Wine,
He cheers this ſinking Heart of mine;
And op'ning his own Heart to me,
He ſhews his Thoughts how kind they

6 O never let my LORD depart;
Lie down and reſt upon my Heart.



4 "The Jewiſh wintry State is gone,
"The Miſts are fled, the Spring comes on;
"The ſacred Turtle-Dove we hear
"Proclaim the new, the joyful Year.

5 "Th' immortal Vine of heav'nly Root,
"Bloſſoms and buds, and gives her Fruit."
Lo, we are come to taſte the Wine;
Our Souls rejoice and bleſs the Vine:

6 And when we hear our JESUS ſay,
"Riſe up my Love, make haſte away!"
Our Hearts would fain out-fly the Wind,
And leave all earthly Loves behind.

LXX. CHRIST *inviting, and the Church anſwers the Invitation*, Cant. ii. 14, 16, 17.

1 HARK! the Redeemer from on high
Sweetly invites his Fav'rites nigh;
From Caves of Darkneſs and of Doubt,
He gently ſpeaks and calls us out:

2 "My Dove, who hideſt in the Rock,
"Thine Heart almoſt with Sorrow broke
"Lift up thy Face, forget thy Fear,
"And let thy Voice delight mine Ear.

3 "Thy Voice to me ſounds ever ſweet;
"My Graces in thy Count'nance meet;
"Tho' the vain World thy Face deſpiſe,
"'Tis bright and comely in mine Eyes."

4 *Dear* LORD, *our* thankful Heart receives
The Hope thine Invitation gives:

6 My Soul to Paſtures fair He lead
Amongſt the Lilies where He fee
Amongſt the Saints (whoſe Rob
Waſh'd in his Blood) is his Del

7 Till the day break, and Shadow
Till the ſweet dawning Light I
Thine Eyes to me-ward often tu
Nor let my Soul in Darkneſs m

8 Be like a Hart on Mountains g
Leap o'er the Hills of fear and
Nor Guilt, nor Unbelief, divic
My Love, my Saviour, from n

LXXI. CHRIST *found in the Street*
the Church, Cant. iii. 1

3 Sometimes I find him in my Way,
Directed by a heav'nly Ray;
I leap for Joy to ſee his Face,
And hold him faſt in mine Embrace.

[4 I bring him to my Mother's Home;
Nor does my Lord refuſe to come
To Sion's ſacred Chambers, where
My Soul firſt drew the vital Air.

5 He gives me there his bleeding Heart,
Pierc'd for my Sake, with deadly Smart;
I give my Soul to him, and there
Our Loves their mutual Tokens ſhare.]

6 I charge you all, ye earthly Toys,
Approach not to diſturb my Joys;
Nor Sin nor Hell come near my Heart,
Nor cauſe my Saviour to depart.

LXXII. *The Coronation of* CHRIST, *and Eſpouſals of the Church*, Cant. iii. 11.

1 DAughters of Sion, come, behold
The Crown of Honour and of Gold,
Which the glad Church, with Joys unknown,
Plac'd on the Head of Solomon.

2 JESUS, thou everlaſting King!
Accept the Tribute which we bring;
Accept the well-deſerv'd Renown,
And wear our Praiſes as thy Crown.

3 *Let ev'ry Act of* Worſhip be
Like our Eſpouſals, LORD, to Thee;

Like the dear Hour, when from above
We firſt receiv'd thy Pledge of Love.

4 The Gladneſs of that happy Day!
Our Heart would with it long to ſtay;
Nor let our Faith forſake its Hold,
Nor Comfort ſink, nor Love grow cold.

5 Each following Minute as it flies,
Increaſe thy Praiſe, improve our Joys;
Till we are rais'd to ſing thy Name,
At the great Supper of the Lamb.

6 O that the Months would roll away,
And bring that Coronation Day!



4 Deck'd and bedecorne as we are,
He makes us white, and calls us fair;
Adorns us with that heavnly Dress,
His Graces and his Righteousness.

5 "My Sister and my Spouse, he cries,
"Bound to my Heart by various Ties,
"Thy pow'rful Love thy Heart detains
"In strong Delights and pleasing Chains."

6 He calls me from the Leopard's Den,
From this wide World of Beasts and Men,
To Sion, where his Glories are;
Not Lebanon is half so fair.

7 Nor Dens of Prey, nor flow'ry Plains,
Nor earthly Joys, nor earthly Pains,
Shall hold my Feet or force my Stay,
When CHRIST invites my Soul away.

LXXIV. *The Church the Garden of* CHRIST, Cant. iv. 12, 14, 15. and v. 1.

1 WE are a Garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar Ground;
A little Spot inclos'd by Grace,
Out of the World's wide Wilderness.

2 Like Trees of Myrrh and Spice we ſtand,
Planted by GOD the Father's Hand;
And all his Springs in Sion flow,
To make the young Plantation grow.

3 *Awake, O heav'nly Wind!* and come,
Blow on this Garden of Perfume;

Spirit Divine! deſcend and breathe
A gracious Gale on Plants beneath.

4 Make our beſt Spices flow abroad,
To entertain our SAVIOUR-GOD;
And Faith, and Love, and Joy app
And every Grace be active here.

[5 Let my Beloved come and taſte
His pleaſant Fruits at his own Feaſt
"I come, my Spouſe, I come," he
With Love and Pleaſure in his Eye

6 Our LORD into his Garden comes.

hat are his Charms, ſay they, above
he Objects of a mortal Love?"
my Beloved to my Sight
vs a ſweet mixture, Red and White:
uman Beauties, all divine,
y Beloved meet and ſhine.
te is his Soul, from blemiſh free;
with the Blood he ſhed for me;
faireſt of ten thouſand Fairs;
n amongſt ten thouſand Stars.
Head the fineſt Gold excels;
e Wiſdom in Perfection dwells:
Glory like a Crown adorns
e Temples once beſet with Thorns.
paſſions in his Heart are found,
by the Signals of his Wound:
acred Side no more ſhall bear
cruel Scourge, the piercing Spear.]
Hands are fairer to behold
n Di'monds ſet in Rings of Gold:
ſe heav'nly Hands that on the Tree
e nail'd and torn, and bled for me.
' once he bow'd his feeble Knees,
led with Sins and Agonies;
on the Throne of his Command
Legs like marble Pillars ſtand.]
Eyes are Majeſty and Love,
Eagle *temper*'d with the Dove;
ore ſhall trickling Sorrows roll
thoſe dear Windows of his Soul.]

9 His Mouth, that pour'd out long Co
Now ſmiles and cheers its faintin
His Countenance more graceful is
Than Lebanon with all its Trees.

10 All over glorious is my LORD;
Muſt be belov'd and yet ador'd:
His Worth if all the Nations knew,
Sure the whole Earth would love

LXXVI. CHRIST *dwells in Heaven, b*
on Earth, Cant. vi. 1, 2, 3, 12

1 WHEN Strangers ſtand and he
What Beauties in my Savio

He takes my Soul ere I'm aware,
And shews me where his Glories are;
No Chariots of Amminadib
The heav'nly Rapture can describe.

6 O may my Spirit daily rise
On Wings of Faith above the Skies,
Till Death shall make my last Remove,
To dwell for ever with my Love.]

LXXVII. *The Love of* CHRIST *to the Church in his Language to her, and Provisions for her,* Cant. vii. 5, 6, 9, 12, 13.

1 NOW in the Gall'ries of his Grace
Appears the King, and thus he says,
"How fair my Saints are in my Sight!
"My Love! How pleasant for Delight!"

2 Kind is thy Language, Sov'reign Lord,
There's heav'nly Grace in ev'ry Word!
From that dear Mouth a Stream divine
Flows sweeter than the choicest Wine.

3 Such world'rous Love awakes the Lip
Of Saints that were almost asleep,
To speak the Praises of thy Name,
And make our cold Affections flame.

4 These are the Joys he lets us know;
In *Fields* and *Villages* below;
Gives us a Relish of his Love,
But keeps his noblest Feast above.

In Paradise, within the Gates,
An higher Entertainment waits;
Fruits new and old laid up in Store,
Where we shall feed, but thirst no more.

LXXVIII. *The Strength of* CHRIST's *Love, and the Soul's Jealousy of her own,*
Cant. viii. 5, 6, 7, 13, 14.

WHO is this fair One in Distress,
[redacted] from the Wilderness,
[redacted] with Sins,

" Till thou haſt brought me to thy Hon
" Where Fears and Doubts can never c
" Thy Count'nance let me often ſee,
" And often thou ſhalt hear from me.
7 " Come, my Beloved, haſte away,
" Cut ſhort the Hours of thy Delay;
" Fly like a youthful Hart or Roe
" Over the Hills where Spices grow."

LXXIX. *A Morning Hymn,* Pſalm xix. 5, and lxxiii. 24, 25.

1 GOD of the Morning, at whoſe Voice
The chearful Sun makes haſte to riſe
And like a Giant doth rejoice
To run his Journey thro' the Skies;

2 From the fair Chambers of the Eaſt,
The Circuit of his Race begins,
And without Wearineſs or Reſt,
Round the whole Earth he flies and ſhines:

Oh, like the Sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed Duties of the Day,
With ready Mind and active Will
March on and keep my heav'nly Way;

But I ſhall rove and loſe the Race,
If GOD, my Sun, ſhould diſappear,
And leave me in this World's wide Maze,
To follow ev'ry wand'ring Star.

Bleſſed, thy Commands are clean and pure,
Enlightning our beclouded Eyes;

Thy Threat'nings juſt, thy Promiſe ſure;
Thy Goſpel makes the ſimple wiſe.

6 Give me thy Counſel for my Guide,
And then receive me to thy Bliſs;
All my Deſires and Hopes beſide
Are faint and cold, compar'd with this.

LXXX. *An Evening Hymn*, Pſalm iv. 8. and iii. 5, 6. and cxliii. 8.

1 THUS far the LORD has led me on,
Thus far his Pow'r prolongs my Days

s when the Hour of Death ſhall come,
Fleſh ſhall reſt beneath the Ground,
wait thy Voice to rouſe my Tomb,
h ſweet Salvation in the Sound.]

XXI. *A Song for Morning or Evening,*
Lam. iii. 23. Iſa. xlv. 7.

[Y God, how endleſs is thy Love!
Thy Gifts are ev'ry Ev'ning new;
Morning Mercies from above
tly diſtil like early Dew.

u ſpread'ſt the Curtains of the Night,
it Guardian of my ſleeping Hours;
Sov'reign Word reſtores the Light,
l quickens all my drowſy Pow'rs.

eld my Pow'rs to thy Command;
:hee I conſecrate my Days;
ietual Bleſſings from thine Hand
iand perpetual Songs of Praiſe.

XII. God *far above Creatures:* or, *Man vain and mortal,* Job iv. 17—21.

Iall the vile Race of Fleſh and Blood
Contend with their Creator, God?
l *mortal* Worms preſume to be
:*Holy, Wiſe,* or Juſt, than He?

We faint and perish like the moth.

From Night to Day, from Day to Night,
We die by Thouſands in thy Sight;
Bury'd in Duſt whole Nations lie
Like a forgotten Vanity.

Almighty Pow'r, to Thee we bow;
How frail are we! how glorious Thou!
No more the Sons of Earth ſhall dare
With an eternal God compare.

LXXXIII. *Afflictions and Death under Providence*, Job v. 6—8.

NOT from the Duſt Affliction grows

With my God I leave my Cauſe,
And truſt his promis'd Grace;
Rules me by his well-known Laws
Of Love and Righteouſneſs.

Tho' all the Pains that e'er I bore
Shall ſpoil my future Peace;
For Death and Hell can do no more
Than what my Father pleaſe.

LXXXIV. *Salvation, Righteouſneſs, and Strength in* CHRIST, Iſa. xlv. 21—25.

1 JEHOVAH ſpeaks, let Iſr'el hear,
Let all the Earth rejoice and fear,
While God's eternal Son proclaims
His Sov'reign Honours and his Names:

2 "I am the Laſt, and I the Firſt,
"The SAVIOUR-GOD, and GOD the Juſt;
"There's none beſide pretends to ſhew
"Such Juſtice and Salvation too.

3 "Ye that in Shades of Darkneſs dwell,
"Juſt on the Verge of Death and Hell,
"Look up to me from diſtant Lands,
"Light, Life, and Heav'n are in my Hands.

4 "I by my holy Name have ſworn,
"Nor *ſhall the* Word in vain return,
"*To me ſhall all* Things bend the Knee,
"*And ev'ry* Tongue ſhall ſwear to me.

5 "In me alone ſhall Men confeſs
"Lies all their Strength and Righteouſneſs:
"But ſuch as dare deſpiſe my Name,
"I'll clothe them with eternal Shame.

6 "In me, the Lord, ſhall all the Seed
"Of Iſr'el from their Sins be freed,
"And by their ſhining Graces prove
"Their Int'reſt in my pard'ning Love."

LXXXV. *The ſame.*

XVI. God *Holy, Juſt, and Sovereign,* Job ix. 2—10.

)W ſhould the Sons of Adam's Race
Be pure before their God!
contend in Righteouſneſs,
fall beneath his Rod.

ıdicate my Words and Thoughts
make no more Pretence;
ıe of all my thouſand Faults
bear a juſt Defence.

; is his Arm, his Heart is wiſe;
ıat vain Preſumers dare
ſt their Maker's Hand to riſe,
tempt th' unequal War?

ntains by his Almighty Wrath
m their old Seats are torn;
akes the Earth, from South to North.
d all her Pillars mourn.

ids the Sun forbear to riſe;
obedient Sun forbears:
ſand with Sackcloth ſpreads the Skies,
d ſeals up all the Stars.

'alks upon the ſtormy Sea;
es on the ſtormy Wind:
:'s *none* can trace his wond'rous Ways,
his dark footſteps find.]

THUS ſaith the High ...

" I ſit upon my holy Throne;
" My Name is God; I dwell on high;
" Dwell in my own Eternity.

" But I deſcend to Worlds below;
" On Earth I have a Manſion too;
" The humble Spirit and contrite
" Is an Abode of my Delight.

" The humble Soul my Words revive;
" I bid the mourning Sinner live;
" Heal all the broken Hearts I find,
" And eaſe the Sorrows of the Mind.

" When I contend againſt their Sin,
" I make them know how vile they've be
... Wrath for ever ſmoke,

XXVIII. *Life the Day of Grace and Hope,* Eccleſ. ix. 4, 5, 6, 10.

LIFE is the Time to ſerve the LORD,
The Time t' inſure the great Reward;
And while the Lamp holds out to burn,
The vileſt Sinner may return.

[2 Life is the Hour that GOD hath giv'n,
To 'ſcape from Hell and fly to Heav'n;
The Day of Grace, and Mortals may
Secure the Bleſſings of the Day.]

3 The Living know that they muſt die;
But all the Dead forgotten lie;
Their Mem'ry and their Senſe is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

[4 Their Hatred and their Love is loſt,
Their Envy bury'd in the Duſt;
They have no Share in all that's done
Beneath the Circuit of the Sun.]

5 Then what my Thoughts deſign to do,
My Hands, with all your Might purſue;
Since no Device nor Work is found,
Nor Faith, nor Hope, beneath the Ground.

6 There are no Acts of Pardon paſt
In the cold Grave to which we haſte;
But *Darkneſs*, Death and long Deſpair,
Reign in eternal Silence there.

Taſte the Delights your Souls desire,
And give a looſe to all your Fire:

2 Purſue the Pleaſures you deſign,
And cheer your Hearts with Songs and Wine
Enjoy the Day of Mirth; but know,
There is a Day of Judgment too.

3 God from on high beholds your Thoughts,
His Book records your ſecret Faults;
The Works of Darkneſs you have done
Muſt all appear before the Sun.

4 The Veng'ance to your Follies due,
Should ſtrike your Hearts with Terror too
How will ye ſtand before his Face,
Or anſwer for his injur'd Grace?

Almighty God, turn off their Eyes

Fulfil the Wiſhes of their Eyes,
And taſte the Joys they Love.

They give a looſe to wild Deſires;
But let the Sinners know,
The ſtrict Account that God requires
Of all the Works they do.

The Judge prepares his Throne on high,
The frighted Earth and Seas
Avoid the Fury of his Eye,
And flee before his Face.

How ſhall I bear that dreadful Day,
And ſtand the fiery Teſt?
I give all mortal Joys away;
To be for ever bleſt.

XCI. *Advice to Youth: or, Old Age and Death in an unconverted ſtate.*
Eccleſ. xii. 1, 7. Iſa. lxv. 20.

NOW in the Heat of youthful Blood,
Remember your Creator, God:
Behold, the Months come haſt'ning on,
When you ſhall ſay, *My Joys are gone.*

Behold, the aged Sinner goes,
Laden with Guilt and heavy Woes,
Down to the Regions of the Dead,
With endleſs Curſes on his Head.

The Duſt returns to Duſt again;
The Soul, in Agonies of Pain

Aſcends to GOD; not there to dwell,
But hears her Doom and ſinks to Hell.

4 Eternal King! I fear thy Name,
Teach me to know how frail I am;
And when my Soul muſt hence remove,
Give me a Manſion in thy Love.

XCII. CHRIST *the Wiſdom of* GOD,
Prov. viii. 1, 22—32.

1 SHALL Wiſdom cry aloud,
And not her Speech be heard?

" Upon the empty Air
" The Earth was balanc'd well;
'ith Joy I ſaw the Manſion where
" The Sons of Men ſhould dwell.

" My buſy Thoughts at firſt
" On their Salvation ran,
re Sin was born, or Adam's Duſt
" Was faſhion'd to a Man.

" Then come, receive my Grace,
" Ye Children, and be wiſe;
appy the Man that keeps my Ways,
" The Man that ſhuns them dies."

CIII. CHRIST, *or Wiſdom, obeyed or reſiſted,* Prov. viii. 34—36.

THUS ſaith the Wiſdom of the LORD,
" Bleſs'd is the Man that hears my Word;
Keeps daily Watch before my Gates,
And at my Feet for Mercy waits.

The Soul that ſeeks me ſhall obtain
Immortal Wealth and heav'nly Gain;
Immortal Life is his Reward,
Life, and the Favour of the LORD.

But the vile Wretch that flies from me,
Doth his own Soul an Injury;
Fools that againſt my Grace rebel,
Seek Death, and love the Road to Hell."

XCIV. *Justification by Faith, not by Works:* or, *The Law Condemns, Grace Justifies.*

Rom. iii. 19—21.

1 VAIN are the Hopes the Sons of Men
On their own Works have built;
Their Hearts by Nature all unclean,
And all their Actions Guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their Mouths,
Without a murm'ring Word,
And the whole Race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

Born in the Image of his Son,
A new peculiar Race.

3 The Spirit, like ſome heav'nly Wind,
Blows on the Sons of Fleſh,
New-models all the carnal Mind,
And forms the Man afreſh.

4 Our quicken'd Souls awake and riſe
From the long Sleep of Death;
On heav'nly Things we fix our Eyes,
And Praiſe employs our Breath.

XCVI. *Election excludes Boaſting.* 1 Cor. i. 26—31.

1 BUT few among the carnal Wiſe,
But few of noble Race,
Obtain the Favour of thine Eyes,
Almighty King of Grace!

2 He takes the Men of meaneſt Name,
For Sons and Heirs of GOD;
And thus he pours abundant Shame
On honourable Blood.

3 He calls the Fool, and makes him know
The Myſt'ries of his Grace,
To bring aſpiring Wiſdom low,
And all its Pride abaſe.

4 Nature has all its Glories loſt,
When brought before his Throne;
No Fleſh ſhall in his Preſence boaſt,
But in the LORD alone.

Our guilty Souls are drown'd in Tears,
Till his atoning Blood appears;
Then we awake from deep Diſtreſs,
And ſing, *The Lord our Righteouſneſs.*

Our very Frame is mix'd with Sin,
His Spirit makes our Natures clean;
Such Virtues from his Suff'rings flow,
At once to cleanſe and pardon too.

Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his Slaves in heavy Chains;
He ſets the Pris'ners free, and breaks
The Iron Bondage from our Necks.

Poor helpleſs Worms in thee poſſeſs
Grace, Wiſdom, Pow'r, and Righteouſn

guilty Spirits dread
neet the Wrath of Heav'n;
is Righteouſneſs array'd,
: ſee our Sins forgiv'n.

holy and impure
e all our Thoughts and Ways,
nds infected Nature cure
/ith ſanctifying Grace.

he Powers of Hell agree
'o hold our Souls in vain;
ts the Sons of Bondage free,
And breaks the curſed Chain.

LORD, we adore thy Ways,
To bring us near to GOD;
ſov'reign Pow'r, thy healing Grace,
And thine atoning Blood.

XCIX. *Stones made the Children of Abraham;*
or, *Grace not conveyed by religious Parents,*
Matt. iii. 9.

1 VAIN are the Hopes that Rebels place
Upon their Birth and Blood,
Deſcended from a pious Race;
(Their Fathers now with GOD.)

2 He from the Caves of Earth and Hell
Can take the hardeſt Stones,
And fill the Houſe of Abra'm well
With new-created Sons.

3 Such wond'rous Pow'r doth he poſſeſs,
Who form'd our mortal Frame,
Who call'd the World from Emptineſs;
The World obey'd and came.

C. *Believe and be ſaved*, John iii. 16—18.

1 NOT to condemn the Sons of Men,
Did CHRIST the Son of GOD appear
No Weapons in his Hands are ſeen,
No flaming Sword, nor Thunder there.

2 Such was the Pity of our GOD,

With Joy the Father doth approve
The Fruit of his eternal Love;
The Son with Joy looks down and ſees
The Purchaſe of his Agonies.

The Spirit takes Delight to view
The holy Soul he form'd anew;
And Saints and Angels join to ſing
The growing Empire of their King.

CII. *The Beatitudes*, Matt. v. 3—12

BLeſs'd are the humble Souls that ſee
Their Emptineſs and Poverty;
Treaſures of Grace to them are giv'n,
And Crowns of Joy laid up in Heav'n.]

Bleſs'd are the Men of broken Heart,
Who mourn for Sin with inward Smart;
The Blood of CHRIST divinely flows,
A healing Balm for all their Woes.]

Bleſs'd are the Meek, who ſtand afar
From Rage and Paſſion, Noiſe and War;
GOD will ſecure their happy State,
And plead their Cauſe againſt the Great.]

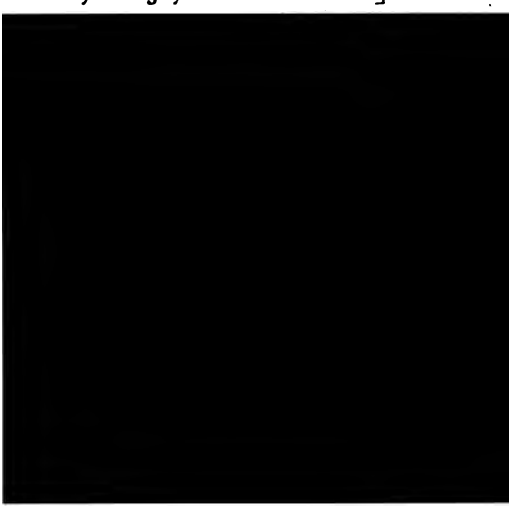
Bleſs'd are the Souls that thirſt for Grace,
Hunger and long for Righteouſneſs;
They ſhall be well ſupply'd and fed,
With living Streams and living Bread.]

Bleſs'd are the Men whoſe Bowels move,
And melt with Sympathy and Love;
From CHRIST the LORD ſhall they obtain
Like Sympathy and Love again.]

[6 Bleſs'd are the Pure, whoſe hearts are clean
From the defiling Pow'r of Sin;
With endleſs Pleaſure they ſhall ſee
A God of ſpotleſs Purity.]

[7 Bleſs'd are the Men of peaceful Life,
Who quench the Coals of growing Strife;
They ſhall be call'd the Heirs of Bliſs,
The Sons of God, the God of Peace.]

[8 Bleſs'd are the Suff'rers who partake
Of Pain and Shame for Jesus' ſake;
Their Souls ſhall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and Joy are their Reward.]



CIV. *A ſtate of Nature and Grace,*
1 Cor. vi. 10, 11.

NOT the Malicious or Profane,
The Wanton or the Proud,
Nor Thieves, nor Sland'rers, ſhall obtain
The Kingdom of our GOD.

2 Surpriſing Grace! And ſuch were we
By Nature and by Sin;
Heirs of immortal Miſery,
Unholy and unclean.

3 But we are waſh'd in JESUS' Blood,
We're pardon'd thro' his Name;
And the good Spirit of our GOD
Has ſanctify'd our Frame.

4 O for a perſevering Pow'r
To keep thy juſt Commands!
We would defile our Hearts no more,
No more polſute our Hands.

CV. *Heaven invisible and holy,* 1 Cor. ii. 9, 1
Rev. xxi. 27.

1 NOR Eye hath ſeen, nor Ear has heard,
Nor Senſe, nor Reaſon known,
What Joys the Father has prepar'd
For thoſe that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the LORD
Reveals a Heav'n to come;

Pollution, Sin, and Shame;
None ſhall obtain Admittance there
But Follow'rs of the Lamb.

He keeps the Father's Book of Life,
There all their Names are found;
The Hypocrite in vain ſhall ſtrive
To tread the heav'nly Ground.

CVI. *Dead to Sin by the Croſs of* CHRIST. Rom. vi. 1, 2, 6.

1 SHALL we go on to ſin
Becauſe thy Grace abounds,
Or crucify the LORD again,
And open all his Wounds?

2 Forbid it, mighty GOD!

CVII. *The Fall and Recovery of Man:* or, CHRIST *and Satan at Enmity.* Gen. iii. 1, 15, 17. Gal. iv. 4. Col. ii. 15.

DEceiv'd by ſubtil Snares of Hell,
Adam our Head, our Father fell,
Vhen Satan, in the Serpent hid,
ropos'd the Fruit that GOD forbid.

leath was the Threat'ning: Death began
o take Poſſeſſion of the Man;
lis unborn Race receiv'd the Wound,
nd heavy Curſes ſmote the Ground.

ut Satan found a worſe Reward;
hus ſaith the Veng'ance of the LORD,
Let everlaſting Hatred be
Betwixt the Woman's Seed and thee.

The Woman's Seed ſhall be my Son,
He ſhall deſtroy what thou haſt done;
Shall break thy Head, and only feel
Thy Malice raging at his Heel."

Ie ſpake; and bid four Thouſand Years
oll on;—at length his Son appears;
ngels with Joy deſcend to Earth,
nd ſing the young Redeemer's Birth.

, by the Sons of Hell he dies;
it as he hung 'twixt Earth and Skies,
gave their Prince a fatal blow,
d triumph'd o'er the Pow'rs below.

CVIII. CHRIST *unſeen and beloved*, 1 Pet. i.

1 NOT with our mortal Eyes
Have we beheld the LORD,
Yet we rejoice to hear his Name,
And love him in his Word.

2 On Earth we want the Sight
Of our Redeemer's Face;
Yet, LORD, our inmoſt Thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy Grace.

3 And when we taſte thy Love,
Our Joys divinely grow

4 The beſt Obedience of my Hands,
Dares not appear before thy Throne;
But Faith can anſwer thy Demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

CX. *Death and immediate Glory,*
2 Cor. v. 1, 5.—8.

1 THere is a Houſe not made with Hands,
Eternal, and on High,
And here my Spirit waiting ſtands,
'Till God ſhall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this Priſon of my Clay
Muſt be diſſolv'd and fall;
Then, O my Soul, with Joy obey
Thy heav'nly Father's Call.

3 'Tis He, by his almighty Grace,
That forms thee fit for Heav'n;
And, as an Earneſt of the Place,
Has his own Spirit giv'n.

4 We walk by Faith of Joys to come;
Faith lives upon his Word;
But while the Body is our Home,
We're abſent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleaſant to believe thy Grace,
But we had rather ſee;
We *would* be abſent from the Fleſh,
And preſent, Lord, with thee.

CXI. *Salvation by Grace.* Titus iii. 3—7.

[1 LORD, we confeſs our num'rous Faults,
How great our Guilt has been;
Fooliſh and vain were all our Thoughts,
And all our Lives were Sin.

2 But, O my Soul, for ever praiſe,
For ever love his Name,
Who turns thy Feet from dang'rous Ways
Of Folly, Sin, and Shame.]

CXII. *The Brazen Serpent:* or *Looking to* Jesus, John iii. 12—16.

1 SO did the Hebrew Prophet raiſe
The brazen Serpent high;
The wounded felt immediate Eaſe,
The Camp ſerbore to die.

2 "Look upward in the dying Hour;
"And live," the Prophet cries;
But CHRIST performs a nobler Cure,
When Faith lifts up her Eyes.

3 High on the Croſs the Saviour hung,
High in the Heav'ns he reigns;
Here Sinners, by th' old Serpent ſtung,
Look and forget their Pains.

4 When GOD's own Son is lifted up,
A dying World revives:
The Jew beholds the glorious Hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

CXIII. *Abraham's Bleſſing on the Gentiles,* Gen. xvii. 7. Rom. xv. 8. Mark x. 14.

1 HOW large the Promiſe! how Divine,
To Abra'm and his Seed!
"I'll be a GOD to thee and thine,
"Supplying all their Need."

2 The *Words* of his extenſive Love
From Age to Age endure;

The Angel of the Cov'nant proves,
And ſeals the Bleſſing ſure.

2 Jesus the ancient Faith confirms,
To our great Fathers giv'n;
He takes young Children to his Arms,
And calls them Heirs of Heav'n.

4 Our God! how faithful are his Ways!
His Love endures the ſame:
Nor from the Promiſe of his Grace
Blots out his Children's Name.

CXV. *Conviction of Sin by the Law.*

Rom. vii. 8, 9, 14, 24.

1 LORD, how ſecure my Conſcience was,
And felt no inward Dread!
I was alive without the Law,
And thought my Sins were dead.

2 My Hopes of Heav'n were firm and bright
But ſince the Precept came
With a convincing Pow'r and Light,
I find how vile I am.

[3 My Guilt appear'd but ſmall before,
Till terribly I ſaw
How Perfect, Holy, Juſt, and Pure,
Was thine eternal Law.

4 Then felt my Soul the heavy Load,
My Sins reviv'd again;
I had provok'd a dreadful God,
And all my Hopes were ſlain.]

5 I'm like a helpleſs Captive ſold
Under the Pow'r of Sin;
I cannot do the Good I would,
Nor keep my Conſcience clean.

6 My God, I cry, with ev'ry Breath,
For ſome kind Pow'r to ſave,
To break the Yoke of Sin and Death,
And thus redeem the Slave.

CXVI. *Love to* God *and our Neighbour*, Matt. xxii. 37—40.

1 THUS ſaith the firſt, the great Command
" Let all thy inward Pow'rs unite
" To love thy Maker and thy God,
" With utmoſt Vigour and Delight.

2 " Then ſhall thy Neighbour next in Place
" Share thine Affections and Eſteem,
" And let thy Kindneſs to thyſelf
" Meaſure and rule thy Love to him."

And mould it for a nobler End,
And which to leave for viler Uſe?]

8 May not the Sov'reign LORD on high
Diſpenſe his Favours as he will;
Chooſe ſome to Life, while others die,
And yet be juſt and gracious ſtill?

[4 What, if to make his Terror known,
He lets his Patience long endure,
Suff'ring vile Rebels to go on
And ſeal their own Deſtruction ſure?

5 What, If He means to ſhew his Grace,
And his electing Love employs,
To mark out ſome of mortal Race,
And form them fit for heav'nly Joys?]

6 Shall Man reply againſt the LORD,
And call his Maker's Ways unjuſt,
The Thunder of whoſe dreadful Word
Can cruſh a thouſand Worlds to Duſt?

7 But, O my Soul, if Truths ſo bright
Should dazzle and confound thy Sight,
Yet ſtill his written Will obey,
And wait the great deciſive Day.

8 Then ſhall he make his Juſtice known,
And the whole World before his Throne,
With Joy or Terror ſhall confeſs
The Glory of his Righteouſneſs.

XVIII. *Moſes and* CHRIST: or, *Sins again*
the Law and Goſpel, John i. 17. Heb.
iii. 3, 5, 6. and x. 28, 29.

1 THE Law by Moſes came,
But Peace and Truth, and Love,
Were brought by CHRIST (a nobler Name)
Deſcending from above.



CXIX. *The different Succeſs of the Goſpel,* 1 Cor. i. 23, 24, 2 Cor. ii. 16. 1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

1 CHRIST and his Croſs is all our Theme
The Myſt'ries that we ſpeak
Are Scandal in the Jews Eſteem,
And Folly to the Greek.

2 But Souls enlighten'd from above
With Joy receive the Word;
They ſee what Wiſdom, Pow'r, and Love,
Shines in their dying LORD.

3 The vital Savour of his Name
Reſtores their fainting Breath;
But Unbelief perverts the ſame
To Guilt, Deſpair, and Death.

4 Till GOD diffuſe his Graces down,
Like Show'rs of heav'nly Rain,
In vain Apollos ſows the Ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

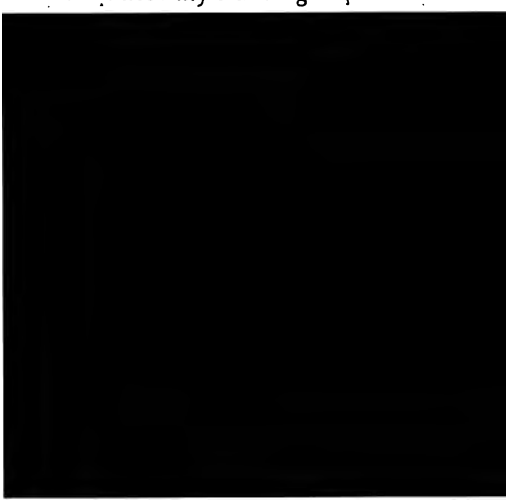
CXX. *Faith of Things unſeen,* Heb. xi. 1, 3, 8, 10.

1 FAITH is the brighteſt Evidence
Of Things beyond our Sight,
Breaks thro' the Clouds of Fleſh and Senſe,
And dwells in heav'nly Light.

2 It ſets Times paſt in preſent View,
Brings diſtant Proſpects home,
Of Things a thouſand Years ago,
Or thouſand Years to come.

3 By Faith we know the Worlds were made
By GOD's Almighty Word;
Abra'm, to unknown Countries led,
By Faith obey'd the LORD.

4 He ſought a City fair and high,
Built by th' eternal Hands;
And Faith aſſures us, tho' we die,
That heav'nly Building ſtands.



To thee their Infant Offspring bring,
And humbly claim the Grace.

CXXII. *Believers buried with* CHRIST *in Baptism*, Rom. vi. 3, &c.

1 DO we not know that solemn Word,
That we are bury'd with the Lord;
Baptiz'd into his Death, and then
Put off the Body of our Sin?

2 Our Souls receive diviner Breath,
Rais'd from Corruption, Guilt, and Death:
So from the Grave did CHRIST arise,
And lives to GOD above the Skies.

3 No more let Sin or Satan reign
Over our mortal Flesh again;
The various Lusts we serv'd before,
Shall have Dominion now no more.

CXXIII. *The repenting Prodigal*, Luke xv. 13, &c.

1 BEhold the Wretch whose Lust and Wine
Had wasted his Estate,
He begs a share amongst the Swine,
To taste the Husks they eat!

2 "I die with Hunger here," he cries;
"I starve in foreign Lands;
"*My Father's House* has large Supplies,
"*And bounteous* are his Hands.

3 "I'll go, and with a mournful Tongue
"Fall down before his Face;
"Father, I've done thy Juſtice wrong,
"Nor can deſerve thy Grace."

4 He ſaid, and haſten'd to his Home,
To ſeek his Father's Love;
The Father ſaw the Rebel come,
And all his Bowels move.

5 He ran, and fell upon his Neck,
Embrac'd and kiſs'd his Son;
The Rebel's Heart with Sorrow brake,
For Follies he had done.

A thouſand new-born Babes are dead,
By fatal Union to their Head.

3 But whilſt our Spirits fill'd with Awe,
Behold the Terrors of thy Law,
We ſing the Honours of thy Grace,
That ſent to ſave our ruin'd Race.

4 We ſing thine everlaſting Son,
Who join'd our Nature to his own;
Adam the Second, from the Duſt
Raiſes the Ruins of the Firſt.

[5 By the Rebellion of one Man
Thro' all his Seed the Miſchief ran;
And by one Man's Obedience now
Are all his Seed made righteous too.

6 Where Sin did reign and Death abound,
There have the Sons of Adam found
Abounding Life; there, glorious Grace
Reigns thro' the LORD our Righteouſneſs.]

CXXV. CHRIST's *Compaſſion to the Weak and Tempted.* Heb. iv. 15, 16. and v. 7. Matt. xii. 20.

1 WITH Joy we meditate the Grace
Of our High Prieſt above;
His Heart is made of Tenderneſs,
His Bowels melt with Love.

2 Touch'd with a Sympathy within,
He knows our feeble Frame;
He knows what ſore Temptations mean,
For he has felt the ſame.

3 But ſpotleſs, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer ſtood,
While Satan's fiery Darts he bore,
And did reſiſt to Blood.

4 He in the Days of feeble Fleſh
Pour'd out his Cries and Tears,
And in his Meaſure feels afreſh
What ev'ry Member bears.

[5 He'll never quench the ſmoking Flax,
But raiſe it to a Flame;
The bruiſed Reed he never breaks,
Nor ſcorns the meaneſt Name.]

6 Then let our humble Faith addreſs

CXXVII. CHRIST's *Invitation to Sinners*: or, *Humility and Pride*, Matt. xi. 28—30.

" COME hither, all ye weary Souls,
" Ye heavy laden Sinners come:
" I'll give you Reſt from all your Toils,
" And raiſe you to my heav'nly Home.

" They ſhall find Reſt that learn of me;
" I'm of a meek and lowly Mind;
" But Paſſion rages like the Sea,
" And Pride is reſtleſs as the Wind.

" Bleſs'd is the Man whoſe Shoulders take
" My Yoke, and bear it with Delight;
" My Yoke is eaſy to his Neck,
" My Grace ſhall make the Burden light."

JESUS, we come at thy Command;
With Faith, and Hope, and humble Zeal,
Reſign our Spirits to thy Hand,
To mould and guide us at thy Will.

CXXVIII. *The Apoſtles Commiſſion*: or, *The Goſpel atteſted by Miracles*, Mark xvi. 15, &c. Matt. xxviii. 18, &c.

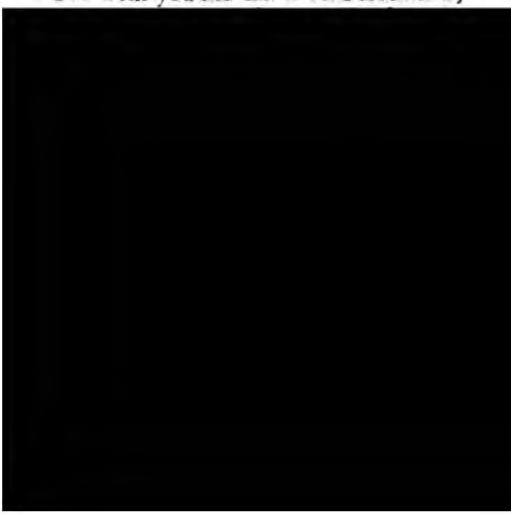
" GO preach my Goſpel, ſaith the LORD
" Bid the whole Earth my Grace *receive*:

" He ſhall be ſav'd that truſts my Word;
" He ſhall be damn'd that won't believe.

[2 " I'll make your great Commiſſion known,
" And ye ſhall prove my Goſpel true,
" By all the Works that I have done,
" By all the Wonders ye ſhall do.

3 " Go heal the Sick, go raiſe the Dead,
" Go caſt out Devils in my Name;
" Nor let my Prophets be afraid, (pheme.]
" Tho' Greeks reproach, and Jews blaſ-

4 " Teach all the Nations my Commands;
" I'm with you till the World ſhall end;



" Abra'm forbear," the Angel cry'd;
" Thy Faith is known, thy Love is try'd;
" Thy Son shall live; and in thy Seed
" Shall the whole Earth be bleſs'd indeed."

Juſt in the laſt diſtreſſing Hour,
The LORD diſplays deliv'ring Pow'r;
The Mount of Danger is the Place
Where we ſhall ſee ſurpriſing Grace.

CXXX. *Love and Hatred,* Phil. ii. 2. Eph. iv. 30, &c.

NOW by the Bowels of my GOD,
His ſharp Diſtreſs, his ſore Complaints,
By his laſt Groans, his dying Blood,
I charge my Soul to love the Saints,

Clamour, and Wrath, and War, be gone,
Envy, and Spite, for ever ceaſe;
Let bitter Words no more be known
Amongſt the Saints, the Sons of Peace.

The Spirit, like a peaceful Dove,
Flies from the Realms of Noiſe and Strife;
Why ſhould we vex and grieve his Love,
Who ſeals our Souls to heav'nly Life?

Tender and kind be all our Thoughts;
Thro' all our Lives let Mercy run:
So GOD forgives our num'rous Faults,
For the dear Sake of CHRIST his Son.

CXXXI. *The Phariſee and Publican,* Luke xviii. 10, &c.

1 BEhold how Sinners diſagree,
The Publican and Phariſee!
One doth his Righteouſneſs proclaim,
The other owns his Guilt and Shame.

2 This Man at humble diſtance ſtands,
And cries for Grace with liſted Hands;
That, boldly riſes near the Throne,
And talks of Duties he has done.

3 The LORD their diff'rent Language knows,

Fleſh and Senſe muſt be deny'd,
ion and Envy, Luſt and Pride;
ile Juſtice, Temp'rance, Truth, and Love,
r inward Piety approve.

ligion bears our Spirits up,
hile we expect that bleſſed Hope,
ne bright Appearance of the LORD,
nd Faith ſtands leaning on his Word.

CXXXIII. *Love and Charity,*
1 Cor. xiii. 2—7, 13.

LET Phariſees of high Eſteem
Their Faith and Zeal declare,
All their Religion is a Dream,
If Love be wanting there.

Love ſuffers long with patient Eye,
Nor is provok'd in haſte;
She lets the preſent Injury die,
And long forgets the paſt.

3 Malice and Rage, thoſe Fires of Hell,
She quenches with her Tongue;
Hopes and believes, and thinks no Ill,
Tho' ſhe endures the Wrong.

4 She nor deſires nor ſeeks to know
The Scandals of the Time;
Nor looks with Pride on thoſe below,
Nor envies thoſe that climb.

5 *She lays her own* Advantage by
To ſeek her Neighbour's Good;

So God's own Son came down to die,
And bought our Lives with Blood.

6 Love is the Grace that keeps her Pow'r
In all the Realms above;
There Faith and Hope are known no more,
But Saints for ever love.

CXXXIV. *Religion vain without Love,* 1 Cor. xiii. 1—3.

1 TAD I the Tongues of Greeks and Jews

XXXV. *The Love of* CHRIST *ſhed abroad in the Heart*, Eph. iii. 16, &c.

COme, deareſt LORD, deſcend and dwell
By Faith and Love in ev'ry Breaſt;
Then ſhall we know, and taſte, and feel
The Joys that cannot be expreſs'd.

Come, fill our Hearts with inward Strength,
Make our enlarged Souls poſſeſs,
And learn the Height, and Breadth, and Length,
Of thine unmeaſurable Grace.

Now to the GOD whoſe Pow'r can do,
More than our Thoughts and Wiſhes know,
Be everlaſting Honours done
By all the Church, thro' CHRIST his Son.

CXXXVI. *Sincerity and Hypocriſy: or, Formality in Worſhip*, John iv. 24. Pſalm cxxxix. 23, 24.

GOD is a Spirit, Juſt and Wiſe,
He ſees our inmoſt Mood;
In vain to Heav'n we raiſe our Cries,
And leave our Souls behind.

Nothing but Truth before his Throne
With Honour can appear;
The painted Hypocrites are known
Thro the Diſguiſe they wear.

3 Their lifted Eyes ſalute the Skies,
Their bending Knees the Ground;
But God abhors the Sacrifice,
Where not the Heart is found.

4 Lord, ſearch my Thoughts, and try my Ways,
And make my Soul ſincere;
Then ſhall I ſtand before thy Face,
And find Acceptance there.

CXXXVII. *Salvation by Grace in* Christ, 2 Tim. i. 9, 10.

1 NOW to the Pow'r of God ſupreme,

XXXVIII. *Saints in the Hands of* CHRIST, John x. 28, 29.

FIRM as the Earth thy Goſpel ſtands,
My LORD, my Hope, my Truſt:
f I am found in JESUS' Hands,
My Soul can ne'er be loſt.

His Honour is engag'd to ſave
The meaneſt of his Sheep;
All that his heav'nly Father gave
His Hands ſecurely keep.

Nor Death, nor Hell, ſhall e'er remove
His fav'rites from his Breaſt;
n the dear Boſom of his Love
They muſt for ever reſt.

XXXIX. *Hope in the Covenant*, or, GOD's *Promiſe and Truth unchangeable*, Heb. vi. 17—19.

HOW oft have Sin and Satan ſtrove
To rend my Soul from thee my GOD?
ut everlaſting is thy Love,
nd JESUS ſeals it with his Blood.

he Oath and Promiſe of the LORD,
oin to confirm the wond'rous Grace;
ternal Pow'r performs the Word,
nd fills all Heav'n with endleſs Praiſe.

midſt Temptations ſharp and long,
Soul to this dear Refuge flies;

Hope is my Anchor, firm and strong,
While Tempests blow, and Billows rise.

4 The Gospel bears my Spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the Foundation for my Hope,
In Oaths, and Promises, and Blood.

CXL. *A living and a dead Faith described from several Scriptures.*

1 Mistaken Souls! that dream of Heav'n,
And make their empty Boast
Of inward Joys, and Sins forgiv'n,
While they are Slaves to Lust.

[redacted]

from the Curſe he ſets us free,
nakes our Natures clean;
ould he ſend his Son to be
: Miniſter of Sin.

pirit purifies our Frame,
id ſeals our Peace with GOD;
s, and his Salvation, came
y Water and by Blood.]

LI. *The Humiliation and Exaltation of* CHRIST, Iſa. liii. 1—5, 10—12.

WHO has believ'd thy Word,
Or thy Salvation known?
eal thine Arm, Almighty LORD,
And glorify thy Son.

2 The Jews eſteem'd him here,
Too mean for their Belief:
rrows his chief Acquaintance were,
And his Companion, Grief.

3 They turn'd their Eyes away,
And treated him with Scorn;
But 'twas their Grief upon him lay,
Their Sorrows he has borne.

4 'Twas for the ſtubborn Jews,
And Gentiles, then unknown,
The GOD of Juſtice pleas'd to bruiſe
His beſt-beloved Son.

5 " But I'll prolong his Days,
" And make his Kingdom ſtan

" Releas'd from Death and Sin
" Shall quit their Priſons and their C
" And own his Pow'r divine.]

[8 " Heav'n ſhall advance my So
" To Joys that Earth deny'd;
" Who ſaw the Follies Men had dor
" And bore their Sins and dy'd.

CXLII. *The ſame,* Iſa. liii. 6

1 LIKE Sheep we went aſtray,
And broke the Fold of Gon
Each wand'ring in a diff'rent Way,
But all the downward Road.

2 How dreadful was the Hour
When Gon our Wand'rings laid,
And did at once his Vengeance pour

Join'd with the Wicked in his Death,
And made as vile as they.

5 But God ſhall raiſe his Head
O'er all the Sons of Men,
And make him ſee a num'rous Seed,
To recompenſe his Pain.

6 "I'll give him, ſaith the Lord,
"A Portion with the Strong;
He ſhall poſſeſs a large Reward,
"And hold his Honours long."

CXLIII. *Characters of the Children of* God, *from ſeveral Scriptures.*

SO new-born Babes deſire the Breaſt,
To feed, and grow, and thrive;
So Saints with Joy the Goſpel taſte,
And by the Goſpel live.

With inward Guſt their Heart approves
All that the Word relates;
They love the Man their Father loves,
And hate the Works he hates.]

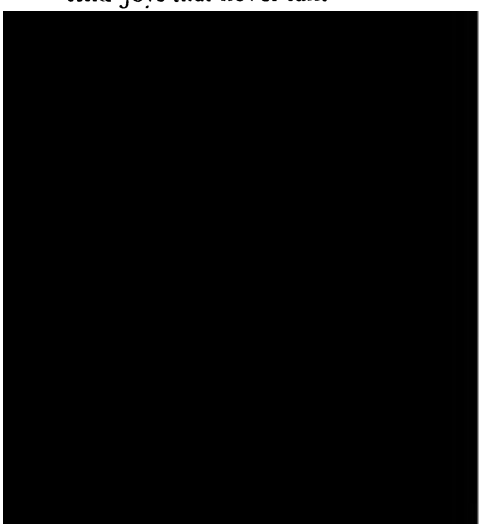
Not all the flatt'ring Baits on Earth,
Can make them Slaves to Luſt;
They can't forget their heav'nly Birth,
Nor grovel in the Duſt.

Not all the Chains that Tyrants uſe,
Shall bind their Souls to Vice;
Faith, like a Conqu'ror, can produce
A thouſand Victories.]

[5 Grace, like an uncorrupted Seed,
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal Principles forbid
The Sons of God to ſin.]

[6 Not by the Terrors of a Slave,
Do they perform his Will,
But with the nobleſt Pow'rs they have
His ſweet Commands fulfil.]

7 They find Acceſs at ev'ry Hour
To God within the Vail;
Hence they derive a quick'ning Pow'r,
And Joys that never fail.



at Comforter! deſcend and bring
ome Tokens of thy Grace.

ſt thou not dwell in all the Saints,
And ſeal the Heirs of Heav'n?
hen wilt thou baniſh my Complaints,
And ſhew my Sins forgiv'n?

ure my Conſcience of her Part
n the Redeemer's Blood;
d bear thy Witneſs with my Heart,
That I am born of GOD.

ou art the Earneſt of his Love,
The Pledge of Joys to come;
d thy ſoft Wings, celeſtial Dove,
Will ſafe convey me home.

XLV. CHRIST *and Aaron, taken from* Heb. vii. and ix.

ESUS, in thee our Eyes behold
A thouſand Glories more
an the rich Gems and poliſh'd Gold
The Sons of Aaron wore.

ey firſt their own Burnt-offrings brought,
To purge themſelves from Sin:
y Life was pure without a Spot,
And all thy Nature clean.

reſh Blood, as conſtant as the Day,
Was on their Altar ſpilt;
t thy one Offring takes away
or more all our Guilt.

Aaron within the veil went
Before the golden Throne.

6 But CHRIST by his own pow'rful Blood
Aſcends above the Skies,
And in the Preſence of our GOD
Shews his own Sacrifice.]

7 JESUS, the King of Glory, reigns
On Sion's heav'nly Hill;
Looks like a Lamb that has been ſlain
And wears his Prieſthood ſtill.

8 He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's Face:
Give him, my Soul, thy Cauſe to plead
Nor doubt the Father's Grace.

[CHRIST Our

Nature, to make his Beauties known,
Muſt mingle Colours not her own.]

3 Is he compar'd with Wine or Bread?
Dear LORD! our Souls would thus be fed:
That Fleſh, that dying Blood of thine,
Is Bread of Life, is heav'nly Wine!

4 Is he a Tree? The World receives
Salvation from his healing Leaves:
That righteous Branch, that fruitful Bough,
Is David's Root and Offspring too.]

[5 Is he a Roſe? Not Sharon yields
Such Fragrancy in all her Fields:
Or if the Lily he aſſume,
The Vallies bleſs the rich Perfume.]

[6 Is he a Vine? his heav'nly Root
Supplies the Boughs with Life and Fruit.
O let a laſting Union join
My Soul to CHRIST the living Vine!]

[7 Is he a Head? Each Member lives,
And owns the vital Pow'rs he gives;
The Saints below and Saints above,
Join'd by his Spirit and his Love.]

[8 Is he a Fountain? There I bathe,
And heal the Plague of Sin and Death:
Theſe Waters all my Soul renew
And cleanſe my ſpotted Garments too.]

[9 Is he a Fire? He'll purge my Droſs:
But the true Gold ſuſtains no Loſs:
Like a *Refiner* ſhall he ſit,
And tread the Refuſe with his Feet.]

[12 Is he a Door? I'll enter in;
Behold the Paſtures large and green;
A Paradiſe divinely fair,
None but the Sheep have Freedom there.

[13 Is he deſign'd the Corner-Stone,
For Men to build their Heav'n upon?
I'll make him my Foundation too,
Nor fear the Plots of Hell below.]

[14 Is he a Temple? I adore
Th' indwelling Majeſty and Pow'r;
And ſtill to his moſt holy Place,
Whene'er I pray I'll turn my Face.]

[15 Is he a Star? He breaks the Night,
Piercing the Shades with dawning Light;
I know his Glories from afar.

.ere he diſplays his Pow'rs abroad,
And ſhines and reigns th' Incarnate God.]

5 Nor Earth, nor Seas, nor Sun, nor Stars,
Nor Heav'n his full Reſemblance bears;
His Beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him Face to Face.

CXLVII. *The Names and Titles of* CHRIST, *from ſeveral Scriptures.*

[1 'TIS from the Treaſures of his Word
I borrow Titles for my LORD;
Nor Art nor Nature can ſupply
Sufficient Forms of Majeſty.

2 Bright Image of the Father's Face,
Shining with undiminiſh'd Rays;
Th' eternal GOD's eternal SON,
The Heir and Partner of his Throne.]

3 The King of Kings, the LORD moſt High,
Writes his own Name upon his Thigh:
He wears a Garment dipp'd in Blood,
And breaks the Nations with his Rod.

4 Where Grace can neither melt nor move,
The LAMB reſents his injur'd Love,
Awakes his Wrath without Delay,
And JUDAH's Lion tears the Prey.

5 But when for Works of Peace he comes,
What winning Titles he aſſumes?
"*LIGHT of* the World, and LIFE of Men;"
Nor bears thoſe Characters in vain.

6 With tender Pity in his Heart
He acts the MEDIATOR's Part;
A FRIEND, and BROTHER, he appears,
And well fulfils the Names he wears.

7 At length the JUDGE his Throne aſcends,
Divides the Rebels from his Friends,
And Saints in full Fruition prove
His rich Variety of Love.

CXLVIII. *The ſame as the* cxlviiith Pſalm.

[1 WITH chearful Voice I ſing

His Name is call'd
" The WORD of GOD,"
He rules the Earth
With Iron Rod.
Where Promiſes and Grace
Can neither melt nor move,
The angry LAMB reſents
The Injuries of his Love;
Awakes his Wrath
Without Delay,
As Lions roar
And tear the Prey.

5 But when for Works of Peace
The great REDEEMER comes,
What gentle Characters,
What Titles he aſſumes!
" LIGHT of the World,
" And LIFE of Men;"
Nor will he bear
Thoſe Names in vain.

6 Immenſe Compaſſion reigns
In our IMMANUEL's Heart,
When he deſcends to act
A MEDIATOR's Part.
He is a FRIEND,
And BROTHER too;
Divinely kind,
Divinely true

7 At length the LORD the JUDGE
His awful Throne aſcends,
And drives the Rebels far
From Favourites and Friends.

Then ſhall the Saints
Completely prove
The Heights and Depths
Of all his Love.

CXLIX. *The Offices of* CHRIST, *from ſeveral Scriptures.*

1 JOIN all the Names of Love and Pow'r,
That ever Men or Angels bore,
All are too mean to ſpeak his Worth,
Or ſet IMMANUEL's Glory forth.

2 But O what condeſcending Ways

He feeds his Flock, he calls their Names,
And in his Boſom bears the Lambs.]

[7 My SURETY undertakes my Cauſe,
Anſwering his Father's broken Laws;
Behold my Soul at Freedom ſet,
My Surety paid the dreadful Debt.]

[8 JESUS my great HIGH PRIEST has dy'd,
I ſeek no Sacrifice beſide;
His Blood did once for all atone,
And now it pleads before the Throne.]

[9 My ADVOCATE appears on high,
The Father lays his Thunder by;
Not all that Earth or Hell can ſay,
Shall turn my Father's Heart away.]

[10 My LORD my CONQU'ROR, and my I
Thy Scepter and thy Sword I ſing;
Thine is the Vict'ry, and I ſit
A joyful Subject at thy Feet.]

[11 Aſpire, my Soul, to glorious Deeds
The "CAPTAIN of Salvation" leads:
March on, nor fear to win the Day,
Tho' Death and Hell obſtruct the W

12 Should Death, and Hell, and Pow'rs u
Put all their Forms of Miſchief on,
I ſhall be ſafe; for CHRIST diſplays
Salvation in more ſov'reign Ways.

CL. *The ſame as the* cxlviiith Pſalm.

1 JOIN all the glorious Names
Of Wiſdom, Love, and Pow'r,
That ever Mortals knew,
That Angels ever bore:
All are too mean
To ſpeak his Worth,
Too mean to ſet
My SAVIOUR forth.

2 But, O what gentle Terms,
What condeſcending Ways
Doth our REDEEMER uſe

Of Hell ſubdu'd,
And Peace with Heav'n.]

Be thou my COUNSELLOR,
My PATTERN, and my GUIDE;
And thro' this deſert Land
Still keep me near thy Side.
O let my Feet
Ne'er run aſtray,
Nor rove, nor ſeek
The crooked Way!]

I love my SHEPHERD's Voice,
His watchful Eyes ſhall keep
My wand'ring Soul among
The Thouſands of his Sheep:
He feeds his Flock,
He calls their Names,
His Boſom bears
The tender Lambs.]

To this dear SURETY's Hand
Will I commit my Cauſe;
He anſwers and fulfils
His Father's broken Laws.
Behold my Soul
At Freedom ſet;
My Surety paid
The dreadful Debt.]

JESUS, my great HIGH PRIEST,
Offer'd his Blood and dy'd;
My guilty Conſcience ſeeks
No *Sacrifice* beſide.

His pow'rful Blood
Did once atone;
And now it pleads
Before the Throne.]

[9 My Advocate appears
For my Defence on high;
The Father bows his Ears,
And lays his Thunder by.
Not all that Hell
Or Sin can say,
Shall turn his Heart
His Love away.]



Put their moſt dreadful Forms
Of Rage and Miſchief on;
I ſhall be ſafe;
For CHRIST diſplays
Superior Pow'r
And guardian Grace.

The END of the FIRST BOOK.

AND

SPIRITUAL SONG

BOOK II.

Compoſed on Divine Subjects.

1. *A Song in Praiſe to* GOD *from Great Britain*

All mortal Things of meaner Frame,
xert your Force, and own his Name;
*W*hilſt with our Souls, and with our Voice
We ſing his Honours, and our Joys.]

[4 To him be ſacred all we have,
From the young Cradle to the Grave:
Our Lips ſhall his loud Wonders tell,
And ev'ry Word a Miracle.]

[5 This Northern Iſle, our native Land,
Lies ſafe in the Almighty's Hand:
Our Foes, of Vict'ry dream in vain,
And own the captivating Chain.

6 He builds and guards the Britiſh Throne,
And makes it gracious, like his own;
Makes our ſucceſſive Princes kind,
And gives our Dangers to the Wind.]

7 Raiſe monumental Praiſes high
To him that thunders thro' the Sky,
And with an awful Nod or Frown
Shakes an aſpiring Tyrant down.

[8 Pillars of laſting Braſs proclaim
The Triumphs of th' eternal Name;
While trembling Nations read from far
The Honours of the God of War.]

9 Thus let our flaming Zeal employ
Our loftieſt Thoughts and loudeſt Songs;
Britain pronounce with warmeſt Joy,
Hoſanna, from ten thouſand Tongues.

[10 Yet, mighty God, our feeble Frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy Name;
The ſtrongeſt Notes that Angels raiſe,
Faint in the Worſhip and the Praiſe.]

II. *The Death of a Sinner.*

1 MY Thoughts on awful Subjects roll,
Damnation and the Dead;
What Horrors ſeize the guilty Soul
Upon a dying Bed!

2 Ling'ring about theſe mortal Shores,
She makes a long Delay;
Till like a Flood with rapid Force

III. *The Death and Burial of a Saint.*

1 WHY do we mourn departing Friends?
Or ſhake at Death's Alarms?
'Tis but the Voice that JESUS ſends
To call them to his Arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too
As faſt as Time can move?
Nor ſhould we wiſh the Hours more ſlow,
To keep us from our Love.

3 Why ſhould we tremble to convey
Their Bodies to the Tomb?
There the dear Fleſh of JESUS lay,
And left a long Perfume.

4 The Graves of all his Saints he bleſs'd,
And ſoft'ned ev'ry Bed:
Where ſhould the dying Members reſt,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he aroſe, aſcending high,
And ſhew'd our Feet the Way:
Up to the LORD our Fleſh ſhall fly,
At the great Riſing-day.

6 Then let the laſt loud Trumpet ſound,
And bid our Kindred riſe:
Awake, ye Nations under Ground;
Ye Saints aſcend the Skies.

5 A thouſand wretched Souls are fled
Since the laſt ſetting Sun,
And yet thou length'neſt out my Thread
And yet my Moments run.]

6 Dear GOD, let all my Hours be thine,
Whilſt I enjoy the Light;
Then ſhall my Sun in Smiles decline,
And bring a pleaſant Night.

VII. *An Evening Song.*

[1 DRead Sov'reign, let my Ev'ning
Like holy Incenſe riſe;
Aſſiſt the Off'rings of my Tongue
To reach the lofty Skies.

2 Thro' all the Dangers of the Day,

ſow are my Follies multiply'd,
Faſt as my Minutes roll!

ORD, with this guilty Heart of mine
To thy dear Croſs I flee,
nd to thy Grace my Soul reſign,
To be renew'd by thee.

prinkled afreſh with pard'ning Blood,
I lay me down to Reſt,
s in th' Embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's Breaſt.

'III. *An Hymn for Morning or Evening.*

HOSANNA, with a chearful Sound,
To GOD's upholding Hand;
en thouſand Snares attend us round,
And yet ſecure we ſtand.

hat was a moſt amazing Pow'r
That rais'd us with a Word,
nd ev'ry Day, and ev'ry Hour,
We lean upon the LORD.

he Ev'ning reſts our weary Head,
And Angels guard the Room;
'e wake, and we admire the Bed
That was not made our Tomb.

ne riſing Morning can't aſſure
That we ſhall end the Day;
r Death ſtands ready at the Door
To take our Lives away.

Beneath his ſhady Wings.

IX. *Godly Sorrow ariſing from the Sufferi of* CHRIST.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed!
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that ſacred Head
For ſuch a Worm as I?

[2 Thy Body ſlain, ſweet JESUS, thine,
And bath'd in its own Blood,
While all expos'd to Wrath divine
The glorious Suff'rer ſtood!]

3 Was it for Crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the Tree?



Diſſolve my Heart in Thankfulneſs,
And melt my Eyes to Tears.

6 But Drops of Grief can ne'er repay
The Debt of Love I owe:
Here, LORD, I give myſelf away,
'Tis all that I can do.

X. *Parting with carnal Joys.*

1 MY Soul forſakes her vain Delight,
And bids the World farewel;
Baſe as the Dirt beneath my Feet,
And miſchievous as Hell.

2 No longer will I aſk your Love,
Nor ſeek your Friendſhip more;
The Happineſs that I approve
Is not within your Pow'r.

3 There's nothing round this ſpacious Earth
That ſuits my large Deſire;
To boundleſs Joy, and ſolid Mirth,
My noble Thoughts aſpire.

[4 Where Pleaſure rolls its living Flood,
From Sin and Droſs refin'd,
Still ſpringing from the Throne of GOD,
And fit to cheer the Mind.

5 Th' Almighty Ruler of the Sphere,
The Glorious and the Great,
Brings his own All-ſufficience there,
To make our Bliſs complete.]

6 Had I the Pinions of a Dove,
I'd *climb the heav'nly Road*;

2 Your Streams were floating me along
Down to the Gulph of black Deſpair;
And whilſt I liſten'd to your Song,
Your Streams had e'en convey'd me the

3 Lord, I adore thy matchleſs Grace.
That warn'd me of that dark Abyſs:
That drew me from thoſe treach'rous S
And bid me ſeek ſuperior Bliſs.

4 Now to the ſhining Realms above
I ſtretch my Hands, and glance my Ey
O for the Pinions of a Dove,
To bear me to the upper Skies!

5 There from the Boſom of my God
Oceans of endleſs Pleaſures roll;

So, ſmoking Sweets, nor bleeding Lambs,
Nor Kid, nor Bullock ſlain,
Incenſe and Spice of coſtly Names,
Would all be burnt in vain.

3 Aaron muſt lay his Robes away,
His Mitre and his Veſt,
When GOD himſelf comes down to be
The Off'ring and the Prieſt.

4 He took our mortal Fleſh to ſhow
The Wonders of his Love;
For us he paid his Life below,
And prays for us above.

5 "Father," he cries, "forgive their Sins,
"For I myſelf have dy'd;"
And then he ſhews his open'd Veins,
And pleads his wounded Side.

XIII. *The Creation, Preſervation, Diſſolution, and Reſtoration of this World*

1 SING to the LORD that built the Skies,
The LORD that rear'd this ſtately Frame;
Let all the Nations ſound his Praiſe,
And Lands unknown repeat his Name.

2 He form'd the Seas, and form'd the Hills,
Made ev'ry Drop, and ev'ry Duſt,
Nature and Time with all their Wheels,
And puſh'd them into Motion firſt.

To ſhake it all to Duſt again!

5 Yet, when the Sound ſhall tear the
And Lightning burn the Globe bel
Saints, you may lift your joyful Eye
There's a new Heav'n and Earth ſo

XIV. *The* LORD's *Day: or, Delig Ordinances.*

1 WElcome ſweet Day of Reſt,
That ſaw the LORD ariſe;
Welcome to this reviving Breaſt,
And theſe rejoicing Eyes!

2 The King himſelf comes near,
And feaſts his Saints to-day;
Here we may ſit, and ſee him here,

XV. *The Enjoyment of* CHRIST: or, *Delight in Worſhip.*

'AR from my Thoughts, vain World be-
Let my religious Hours alone; (gone,
in would my Eyes my Saviour ſee,
vait a Viſit, LORD, from thee.

y Heart grows warm with holy Fire,
ıd kindles with a pure Deſire:
)me, my dear JESUS, from above,
nd feed my Soul with heav'nly Love.

'he Trees of Life immortal ſtand
fragrant Rows at thy right Hand,
nd in ſweet Murmurs by their Side
ivers of Bliſs perpetual glide.

aſte then, but with a ſmiling Face,
nd ſpread the Table of thy Grace:
ring down a Taſte of Truth divine,
nd cheer my Heart with ſacred Wine.]

leſs'd JESUS, what delicious Fare!
low ſweet thy Entertainments are!
lever did Angels taſte above
edeeming Grace, and dying Love.

lail, great IMMANUEL, all Divine!
n thee thy Father's Glories ſhine;
'hou *brighteſt*, ſweeteſt, faireſt One,
hat *Eyes* have ſeen, or Angels known.

LORD, how we love thy charming Nam

8 When I can ſay, my GOD is mine,
When I can feel thy Glories ſhine,
I tread the World beneath my Feet,
And all that Earth calls Good, or Great

9 While ſuch a Scene of ſacred Joys
Our raptur'd Eyes and Souls employs,
Here we could ſit, and gaze away
A long, an everlaſting Day.

10 Well, we ſhall quickly paſs the Night
To the fair Coaſts of perfect Light;
Then ſhall our joyful Senſes rove
O'er the dear Object of our Love.

11 There ſhall we drink full draughts o

XVII. God's *Eternity.*

SE, riſe, my Soul and leave the Ground,
Stretch all thy Thoughts abroad,
rouſe up ev'ry tuneful Sound
praiſe th' eternal God.

ere the lofty Skies were ſpread,
HOVAH fill'd his Throne,
dam form'd, or Angels made,
e Maker liv'd alone.

ountleſs Years can ne'er decreaſe,
t ſtill maintain their Prime;
ity's his Dwelling-place,
id *ever* is his Time.

le like a Tide our Minutes flow,
e Preſent and the Paſt,
lls his own immortal Now,
id ſees our Ages waſte.

Sea and Sky muſt periſh too,
id vaſt Deſtruction come!
Creatures! look how old they grow,
id wait their fiery Doom.

l, let the Sea ſhrink all away,
id Flame melt down the Skies;
God ſhall live an endleſs Day,
hen th' old Creation dies.

XVIII. *The Miniſtry of Angels.*

1 HIGH on a Hill of dazzling Light,
The King of Glory ſpreads his Seat,
And Troops of Angels ſtretch'd for Flight,
Stand waiting round his awful Feet.

2 " Go, ſaith the LORD, * my Gabriel, go,
" Salute the Virgin's fruitful Womb;
" Make haſte, † ye Cherubs, down below,

X. *Our frail Bodies, and* God *our Preſerver.*

T others boaſt how ſtrong they be,
Nor Death, nor Danger fear;
ve'll confeſs, O Lord, to thee,
hat feeble Things we are.

as the Graſs our Bodies ſtand,
id flouriſh bright and gay;
ſting Wind ſweeps o'er the Land,
id fades the Graſs away.

Life contains a thouſand Springs,
id dies if one be gone:
ge! that a Harp of thouſand Strings
ould keep in Tune ſo long.

tis our God ſupports our Frame,
ie God that built us firſt;
tion to th' Almighty Name,
iat rear'd us from the Duſt.

ſpoke, and ſtraight our Hearts and Brains,
all their Motions roſe;
t Blood, ſaid he, flow round the Veins,"
id round the Veins it flows.

le we have Breath, or uſe our Tongues,
ir Maker we'll adore;
ſpirit moves our heaving Lungs,
they would breathe no more.

XX. *Backſlidings and Returns*: or, *The Inconſtancy of our Love.*

1 WHY is my Heart ſo far from thee,
My GOD, my chief Delight?
Why are my Thoughts no more by Day
With thee, no more by Night?

[2 Why ſhould my fooliſh Paſſions rove?
Where can ſuch Sweetneſs be
As I have taſted in thy Love,
As I have found in thee?]

it my dear LORD returns again,
He flies to my Relief;

izing my Soul with ſweet Surpriſe,
He draws with loving Bands;
vine Compaſſion in his Eyes,
And Pardon in his Hands.]

Vretch that I am, to wander thus
In chaſe of falſe Delight!
:t me be faſten'd to thy Croſs,
Rather than loſe thy Sight.

lake haſte, my Days, to reach the Goal,
And bring my Heart to reſt
1 the dear Center of my Soul,
My GOD, my Saviour's Breaſt.]

XI. *A Song of Praiſe to* GOD *the Redeemer.*

ET the old Heathens tune their Song
Of great Diana, and of Jove;
it the ſweet Theme that moves my Tongue,
my Redeemer and his Love.

:hold a GOD deſcends and dies,
) ſave my Soul from gaping Hell!
)w the black Gulph where Satan lies,
1wn'd to receive me when I fell!

)w Juſtice frown'd, and Veng'ance ſtood,
) drive me down to endleſs Pain!
it the Great Son propos'd his Blood,
d heav'nly Wrath grew mild again.

4 Infinite Lover, gracious LORD!
To thee be endleſs Honours giv'n;
Thy wondrous Name ſhall be ador'd,
Round the wide Earth, and wider Heav'n.

XXII. *With* GOD *is terrible Majeſty.*

1 TErrible GOD, that reign'ſt on high,
How awful is thy thund'ring Hand!
Thy fiery Bolts how fierce they fly!
Nor can all Earth or Hell withſtand.

XXIII. *The Sight of* God *and* Christ *in Heaven.*

DEſcend from Heav'n, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy Wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The Reach of theſe inferior Things:

Beyond, beyond this lower Sky,
Up where eternal Ages roll,
Where ſolid Pleaſures never die,
And Fruits immortal feaſt the Soul.

O for a Sight, a pleaſing Sight,
Of our Almighty Father's Throne!
There ſits our Saviour crown'd with Light,
Cloth'd in a Body like our own.

Adoring Saints around him ſtand,
And Thrones and Pow'rs before him fall;
The God ſhines gracious thro' the Man,
And ſheds ſweet Glories on them all!

O what amazing Joys they feel,
While to their golden Harps they ſing,
And ſit on ev'ry heav'nly Hill,
And ſpread the Triumphs of their King!

When ſhall the Day, dear Lord, appear,
That I ſhall mount to dwell above,
And ſtand and bow amongſt 'em there,
And view thy Face, and ſing, and Love?

XXIV. *The Evil of Sin viſible in the Fall of Angels and Men.*

1 WHen the great Builder arch'd the Sk
And form'd all Nature with a W
The joyful Cherubs tun'd his Praiſe,
And ev'ry bending Throne ador'd.

2 High in the midſt of all the Throng,
Satan, a tall Archangel, ſate,
Amongſt the Morning Stars * he ſung,
Till Sin deſtroy'd his heav'nly State.

Then to thy Throne, victorious King,
Then to thy Throne our Shouts ſhall riſe;
Thine everlaſting Arms we ſing,
For Sin, the Monſter, bleeds and dies.

XXV. *Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.*

MY drowſy Pow'rs, why ſleep ye ſo?
Awake, my ſluggiſh Soul!
Nothing has half thy Work to do,
Yet nothing's half ſo dull.

The little Ants for one poor Grain
Labour, and tug, and ſtrive;
Yet we, who have a Heav'n t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

We, for whoſe Sake all Nature ſtands,
And Stars their Courſes move;
We, for whoſe Guard the Angel-Bands
Come flying from above:

We, for whom GOD the Son came down,
And labour'd for our Good:
How careleſs to ſecure that Crown
He purchas'd with his Blood!

LORD, ſhall we lie ſo ſluggiſh ſtill,
And never act our Parts!
Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly Hill,
And ſit and warm our Hearts.

Then ſhall our active Spirits move,
Upward our Souls ſhall riſe:
With Hands of Faith, and Wings of Love
We'll fly and take the Prize.

XXVI. God *invisible*.

)RD, we are blind, we Mortals blind,
We can't behold thy bright Abode;
tis beyond a Creature's Mind,
glance a Thought half-way to God.

nite Leagues beyond the Sky
e Great Eternal reigns alone,
here neither Wings nor Souls can fly,
or Angels climb the topleſs Throne.

of Glory builds his Seat

ot for ſuch poor Worms as we
eak ſo infinite a Thing;
our immortal Eyes ſurvey
eauties of your Sov'reign King.

ow he ſhews his ſmiling Face,
loaths all Heav'n in bright Array:
ıph and Joy run thro' the Place,
ongs eternal as the Day.

(for you feel his burning Love)
Zeal it ſpreads thro' all your Frame;
acred Fire dwells all above,
e on Earth have loſt the Name.

of his Pow'r and Juſtice too,
nfinite right Hand of his,
anquiſh'd Satan and his Crew,
hunder drove them down from Bliſs.]

t mighty Storms of poiſon'd Darts
hurl'd upon the Rebels there!
dreadful Jav'lins nail'd their Hearts
the Racks of long Deſpair.]

t to your King, ye heav'nly Hoſt;
ıat beheld the ſinking Foe;
y ye ſtood, when they were loſt;
the rich Grace that kept you ſo.]

im his Wonders from the Skies;
'ry diſtant Nation hear;
hile you ſound his lofty Praiſe,
mble Mortals bow and fear.

XXVIII. *Death and Eternity.*

1 STOOP down, my Thoughts, that uſe to
Converſe awhile with Death:
Think how a gaſping Mortal lies,
And pants away his Breath.

2 His quiv'ring Lip hangs feebly down,
His Pulſes faint and few;
Then ſpeechleſs, with a doleful Groan

XXIX. *Redemption by Price and Power.*

JESUS, with all thy Saints above
My Tongue would bear her Part,
Would ſound aloud thy ſaving Love,
And ſing thy bleeding Heart.

Bleſs'd be the Lamb, my deareſt LORD,
Who bought me with his Blood,
And quench'd his Father's flaming Sword
In his own vital Flood.

The Lamb that freed my captive Soul
From Satan's heavy Chains,
And ſent the Lion down to howl
Where Hell and Horror reigns.

All Glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceaſing Praiſe,
While Angels live to know his Name,
Or Saints to feel his Grace.

XXX. *Heavenly Joy on Earth.*

[1 COME, we that love the LORD,
And let our Joys be known;
Join in a Song with ſweet Accord,
And thus ſurround the Throne.

2 The Sorrows of the Mind
Be baniſh'd from this Place;
Religion never was deſign'd
To make our Pleaſures leſs.]

3 Let thoſe refuſe to ſing
That never knew our God,
But Fav'rites of the heav'nly King
May ſpeak their Joys abroad.

[4 The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he pleaſe,
That rides upon the ſtormy Sky,
And manages the Seas:]

5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He ſhall ſend down his heav'nly Pow'rs

e marching thro' IMMANUEL's Ground,
To fairer Worlds on high.]

XXI. CHRIST's *Preſence makes Death eaſy.*

WHY ſhould we ſtart, and fear to die
What tim'rous Worms we Mortals ar
ath is the Gate of endleſs Joy,
nd yet we dread to enter there.

ie Pains, the Groans, and dying Strife,
ight our approaching Souls away;
ll we ſhrink back again to Life,
nd of our Priſon and our Clay.

! If my LORD would come and meet,
y Soul ſhould ſtretch her Wings in haſt
y fearleſs thro' Death's Iron Gate,
or feel the Terrors as ſhe paſs'd.

sus can make a dying Bed
el ſoft as downy Pillows are,
hile on his Breaſt I lean my Head,
nd breathe my Life out ſweetly there.

XXXII. *Frailty and Folly.*

HOW ſhort and haſty is our Life!
How vaſt our Souls Affairs!
t ſenſeleſs Mortals vainly ſtrive
To laviſh out their Years.

Days run thoughtleſsly along,
Without a Moment's Stay;

Juſt like a Story or a Song,
We paſs our Lives away.

3 God from on high invites us Home,
But we march heedleſs on;
And ever haſt'ning to the Tomb,
Stoop downwards as we run.

4 How we deſerve the deepeſt Hell,
That ſlight the Joys above!
What Chains of Veng'ance ſhould we fee
That break ſuch Cords of Love!

v'ning's there, nor gloomy Nights,
want the feeble Moon.

ift thoſe ever-ſhining Skies
hold the ſacred Dove,
le baniſh'd Sin and Sorrow flies
om all the Realms of Love.

glorious Tenants of the Place
and bending round the Throne;
Saints and Seraphs ſing and praiſe
ie infinite Three-One.

, O what Beams of heav'nly Grace
anſport them all the while!
thouſand Smiles from JESUS' Face,
nd Love in ev'ry Smile!

s! O when ſhall that dear Day,
hat joyful Hour appear,
en I ſhall leave this Houſe of Clay,
o dwell amongſt 'em there?

XIV. *Breathing after the Holy* SPIRIT or, *Fervency of Devotion deſired.*

OME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs,
dle a Flame of ſacred Love
i theſe cold Hearts of ours.

k how we grovel here below,
ond of theſe trifling Toys;
Souls can neither fly nor go
reach eternal Joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal Songs,
In vain we ſtrive to riſe;
Hoſannas languiſh on our Tongues,
And our Devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and ſhall we ever live
At this poor dying Rate?
Our Love ſo faint, ſo cold to thee,
And thine to us ſo great?

5 Come, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs,
Come ſhed abroad a Saviour's Love,
And that ſhall kindle ours.

ocks, Hills and Vales, reflect the
In one eternal Round.

XXXVI. Christ's *Intercession*

1 WELL, the Redeemer's go
T' appear before our Go
o ſprinkle o'er the flaming Throne
With his atoning Blood.

2 No fiery Veng'ance now,
No burning Wrath comes down:
Juſtice calls for Sinners' Blood,
The Saviour ſhews his own.

3 Before his Father's Eye
Our humble ſuit he moves;
he Father lays his Thunder by,
And looks, and ſmiles, and loves.

4 Now may our joyful Tongues
Our Maker's Honour ſing;
esus, the Prieſt receives our Songs,
And bears them to the King.

[5 We bow before his Face,
And ſound his Glories high;
Hoſanna to the God of Grace
" That lays his Thunder by.]

6 " On Earth thy Mercy reigns,
" And triumphs all above:"
ut, Lord, how weak are mortal Strai
To ſpeak immortal Love!

How jarring and how low
Are all the Notes we ſing!

Sweet Saviour, tune our Songs anew,
And they ſhall pleaſe the King.]

XXXVII. *The ſame.*

1 LIFT up your Eyes to th' heav'nly Seat
Where your Redeemer ſtays:
Kind Interceſſor! there he ſits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.

2 'Twas well, my Soul, he dy'd for thee,
And ſhed his vital Blood,
Appeas'd ſtern Juſtice on the Tree,

XXXVIII. *Love to* God.

HAppy the Heart where Grace
Where Love inſpires the Br
Love is the brighteſt of the Train,
And ſtrengthens all the Reſt.

Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our Fear;
Our ſtubborn Sins will fight and r
If Love be abſent there.

'Tis Love that makes our cheerful
In ſwift Obedience move;
The Devils know and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.

This is the Grace that lives and ſin
When Faith and Hope ſhall ce
'Tis this ſhall ſtrike our joyful Stri
In the ſweet Realms of Bliſs.

Before we quite forſake our Clay,
Or leave this dark Abode,
The Wings of Love bear us away
To ſee our ſmiling God.

XXXIX. *The Shortneſs and Miſery*

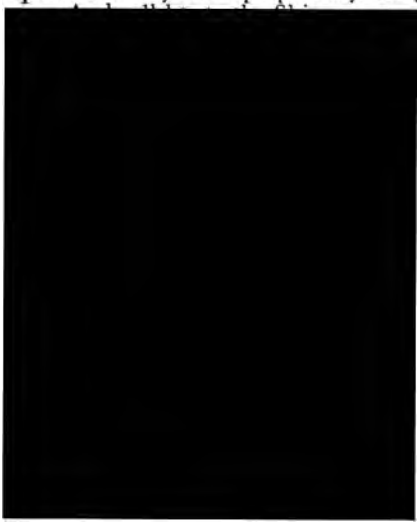
OUR *Days*, alas! our mortal
Are ſhort and wretched to

" Evil and FEW *," the Patriarch ſa
And well the Patriarch knew.

2 'Tis but at beſt a narrow Bound
That Heav'n allows to Men,
And Pains and Sins run thro' the Rc
Of Threeſcore Years and Ten.

3 Well, if ye muſt be ſad and few,
Run on, my Days, in haſte;
Moments of Sin, and Months of Wc
Ye cannot fly too faſt.

4 Let heav'nly Love prepare my Soul,





I praiſe his Name for Grace receiv'd,
And truſt him for the reſt.

XLI. *A Sight of* God *mortifies us to the World.*

[1 UP to the Fields where Angels lie,
And living Waters gently roll,
Fain would my Thoughts leap out and fly,
But Sin hangs heavy on my Soul.

2 Thy wond'rous Blood, dear dying Christ,
Can make this World of Guilt remove;
And thou canſt bear me where thou fly'ſt,
On thy kind Wings, Celeſtial Dove!

3 O might I once mount up and ſee
The Glories of th' eternal Skies,
What little Things theſe Worlds would be,
How deſpicable to my Eyes!]

4 Had I a Glance of thee my God,
Kingdoms and Men would vaniſh ſoon;
Vaniſh, as tho' I ſaw them not,
As a dim Candle dies at Noon.

5 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave;
I ſhould perceive the Noiſe no more
Than we can hear a ſhaking Leaf,
While ratt'ling Thunders round us roar.

6 Great All in All! Eternal King!
Let me but view thy lovely Face,
And all my Pow'rs ſhall bow and ſing,
Thine endleſs Grandeur and thy Grace.

XLII. *Delight in* God.

1 MY God, what endleſs Pleaſures dw
Above at thy right Hand!
Thy Courts below, how amiable,
Where all thy Graces ſtand!

2 The Swallow near thy Temple lies,
And chirps a cheerful Note;
The Lark mounts upwards to thy Skies,
And tunes his warbling Throat:

XLIII. CHRIST's *Sufferings and Glory.*

NOW for a Tune of lofty Praiſe
To great JEHOVAH's equal Son!
Awake, my Voice, in heav'nly Lays
Tell the loud Wonders he hath done.

Sing, how he left the Worlds of Light,
And the bright Robes he wore above;
How ſwift and joyful was his Flight,
On Wings of everlaſting Love.

Down to this baſe, this ſinful Earth,
He came to raiſe our Nature high;
He came t' atone Almighty Wrath;
JESUS the GOD was born to die.]

Hell and its Lions roar'd around;
His precious Blood the Monſters ſpilt;
While weighty Sorrows preſs'd him down,
Large as the Loads of all our Guilt.]

Deep in the Shades of gloomy Death,
Th' Almighty Captive Priſ'ner lay;
Th' Almighty Captive left the Earth,
And roſe to everlaſting Day.

Lift up your Eyes, ye Sons of Light,
Up to his Throne of ſhining Grace;
See what immortal Glories ſit
Round the ſweet Beauties of his Face.

Amongſt a thouſand Harps and Songs,
JESUS the GOD exalted reigns;
His ſacred *Name* fills all their Tongues,
And echoes thro' th' heav'nly Plains!

XLIV. *Hell:* or, *The Vengeance of* God.

1 WITH holy Fear and humble Song,
The dreadful God our Souls adore;
Rev'rence and Awe become the Tongue
That ſpeaks the Terrors of his Pow'r.

2 Far in the Deep, where Darkneſs dwells,
The Land of Horror and Deſpair,
Juſtice has built a diſmal Hell,
And laid her Stores of Veng'ance there.

XLV. God's *Condeſcenſion to our Worſhi*

1 THY Favours, Lord, ſurpriſe our So
Will the Eternal dwell with us!
What canſt thou find beneath the Poles
To tempt thy Chariot downward thus?

2 Still might he fill his ſtarry Throne,
And pleaſe his Ears with Gabriel's Song
But th' heav'nly Majeſty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our Tongues.

3 Great God! what poor Returns we pay
For Love ſo infinite as thine!
Words are but Air, and Tongues but C
But thy Compaſſion's all divine.

XLVI. God's *Condeſcenſion to Human Affa*

1 UP to the Lord, that reigns on high,
And views the Nations from afar,
Let everlaſting Praiſes fly,
And tell how large his Bounties are.

[2 He that can ſhake the Worlds he made,
Or with his Word, or with his Rod;
His Goodneſs, how amazing Great!
And what a condeſcending God!]

[3 God, that muſt ſtoop to view the Skies
And bow to ſee what Angels do,

5 Our Sorrow
Into the Bosom of our GOD;
He hears us in the mournful Hour,
And helps us bear the heavy Load.

6 In vain might lofty Princes try
Such Condescension to perform!
For Worms were never rais'd so hig
Above their meanest Fellow-Worm

7 O could our thankful Hearts devis
A Tribute equal to thy Grace,
To the third Heav'n our Songs sho
And teach the golden Harps thy

XLVII. *Glory and Grace in the*
of CHRIST.

noble S

The ſpacious Earth, and ſpreading Flood,
Proclaim the wiſe and pow'rful GOD;
And thy rich Glories from afar,
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling Star.

But in his Looks a Glory ſtands,
The nobleſt Labour of thine Hands:
The pleaſing Luſtre of his Eyes
Outſhines the Wonders of the Skies.

Grace! 'tis a ſweet, a charming Theme:
My Thoughts rejoice at JESUS' Name!
Ye Angels, dwell upon the Sound;
Ye Heav'ns, reflect it to the Ground!

Oh, may I live to reach the Place,
Where he unveils his lovely Face!
Where all his Beauties you behold,
And ſing his Name to Harps of Gold!

XLVIII. *Love to the Creatures is dangerous.*

HOW vain are all Things here below!
How falſe, and yet how fair!
Each Pleaſure has its Poiſon too;
And ev'ry Sweet a Snare.

The brighteſt Things below the Sky
Give but a flatt'ring Light;
We ſhould ſuſpect ſome Danger nigh,
Where we poſſeſs Delight.

Our deareſt Joys and neareſt Friends,
The Partners of our Blood,

How they divide our wav'ring Minds,
And leave but half for GOD.

The Fondneſs of a Creature's Love,
How ſtrong it ſtrikes the Senſe?
Thither the warm Affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

Dear Saviour! let thy Beauties be
My Soul's Eternal Food;
And Grace command my Heart away
From all created Good.



L. *Comforts under Sorrow and Pain.*

NOW let the LORD my Saviour ſmile,
And ſhew my Name upon his Hear
would forget my Pains awhile,
ınd in the Pleaſure loſe the Smart.

ut O! it ſwells my Sorrows high,
o ſee my bleſſed JESUS frown;
ly Spirits ſink, my Comforts die,
ınd all the Springs of Life are down.

et why, my Soul, why theſe Complaint
till while he frowns, his Bowels move;
till on his Heart he bears his Saints,
nd feels their Sorrows, and his Love.

ly Name is printed on his Breaſt;
is Book of Life contains my Name:
d rather have it there impreſs'd,
han in the bright Records of Fame.

/hen the laſt Fire burns all Things here,
hoſe Letters ſhall ſecurely ſtand,
nd in the Lamb's fair Book appear,
/rit by th' eternal Father's Hand.

ow ſhall my Minutes ſmoothly run,
hilſt here I wait my Father's Will;
y riſing and my ſetting Sun,
oll *gently* up and down the Hill.

And worship ...

[2 Thy Pow'r hath form'd, thy Wisdom
All Nature with a sov'reign Word:
And the bright World of Stars obeys
The Will of their superior Lord.]

[3 Mercy and Truth unite in one,
And smiling sit at thy right Hand;
Eternal Justice guards thy Throne,
And Veng'ance waits thy dread Com

4 A thousand Seraphs strong and bright
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who amongst the Sons of Light
Pretends Comparison with thee?

4 Yet there is one of human Frame,
... array'd in Flesh and Blood,

is Praiſe let ev'ry Angel ſing,
nd all the Nations own the LORD.]

LII. *Death dreadful, or delightful.*

1 DEATH! 'tis a melancholy Day
To thoſe that have no GOD,
When the poor Soul is forc'd away
To ſeek her laſt Abode.

2 In vain to Heav'n ſhe lifts her Eyes;
But Guilt, a heavy Chain,
Still drags her downward from the Skies,
To Darkneſs, Fire, and Pain.

3 Awake and mourn, ye Heirs of Hell;
Let ſtubborn Sinners fear:
You muſt be driven from Earth, and dwell
A long FOR EVER there.

4 See how the Pit gapes wide for you,
And flaſhes in your Face;
And thou, my Soul, look downward too,
And ſing recov'ring Grace.

5 He is a GOD of ſov'reign Love,
That promis'd Heav'n to me;
And taught my Thoughts to ſoar above,
Where happy Spirits be.

6 Prepare me, LORD, for thy right Hand;
Then come the joyful Day;
Come Death, and ſome celeſtial Band
To bear my Soul away.

III. *The Pilgrimage of the Saints: or, Earth and Heaven.*

LORD, what a wretched Land is this,
That yields us no Supply,
No chearing Fruits, no wholesome Trees,
Nor Streams of living Joy?

But pricking Thorns thro' all the Ground,
And mortal Poisons grow;
And all the Rivers that are found,
With dang'rous Waters flow.

Path to thine Abode,

' diſmal Deeps, and dang'rous Snares,
'e make our Way to GOD.]

Journey is a thorny Maze,
it we march upward ſtill;
et theſe Troubles of the Ways,
id reach at Zion's Hill.

the kind Angels at the Gates
viting us to come!
e JESUS the Forerunner waits,
welcome Trav'llers home!]

re on a green and flow'ry Mount,
r weary Souls ſhall ſit,
with tranſporting Joys recount
e Labours of our Feet.

vain Diſcourſe ſhall fill our Tongue,
r Trifles vex our Ear;
te Grace ſhall be our Song,
d GOD rejoice to hear.]

nal Glory to the King
at brought us ſafely through,
ongues ſhall never ceaſe to ſing,
d endleſs Praiſe renew.

GOD's *Preſence is Light in Darkneſs.*

Y GOD! the Spring of all my Joys,
The Life of my Delights,
Glory of my brighteſt Days,
Comfort of my Nights!

And whiſpers, *I am thine.*

4 My Soul would leave this heavy Cla
At that tranſporting Word,
Run up with Joy the ſhining Way,
T' embrace my deareſt LORD.

5 Fearleſs of Hell, and ghaſtly Death,
I'd break thro' ev'ry Foe;
The Wings of Love, and Arms of F
Should bear me Conqu'ror thro'.

LV. *Frail Life and ſucceeding Eter*

1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name!
And humbly own to Thee,
[illegible] mortal Frame.

ate'er we do, where'er we be,
/e're trav'lling to the Grave.]

gers ſtand thick thro' all the Ground,
o puſh us to the Tomb;
l fierce Diſeaſes wait around,
o hurry Mortals home.

d God! on what a ſlender Thread
lang everlaſting Things!
eternal States of all the Dead,
pon Life's feeble Strings.

nite Joy, or endleſs Woe,
ttends on ev'ry Breath;
l yet how unconcern'd we go
pon the Brink of Death!

ken, O Lord, our drowſy Senſe,
o walk this dang'rous Road;
l if our Souls are hurry'd hence,
ſay they be found with God.

II. The Miſery of being without God *in this World:* or, *Vain Proſperity.*

[O, I ſhall envy them no more,
Who grow profanely Great,
' they increaſe their golden Store,
nd riſe to wond'rous Height.

y taſte of all the Joys that grow
pon this earthly Clod!
h, they may ſearch the Creature thro',
r they have ne'er a God.

And no kind Angel ....
To bear it to the Skies.

5 Go now, and boaſt of all your Stores
And tell how bright you ſhine:
Your Heaps of glitt'ring Duſt are you
And my Redeemer's mine.

LVII. *The Pleaſures of a good Conſc*

1 LORD, how ſecure and bleſs'd are
Who feel the Joys of pardon'd S
Should Storms of Wrath ſhake Earth
Their Minds have Heav'n and Peac

2 The Day glides ſwiftly o'er their He
[illegible]nocence and Love;

longing Hopes and chearful Smiles,
ndiſturb'd upon their Brow.]

' ſcorn to ſeek our golden Toys,
pend the Day, and ſhare the Night,
imb'ring o'er the richer Joys
Heav'n prepares for their Delight.

le wretched we, like Worms and Moles,
rov'ling in the Duſt below;
ghty Grace renew our Souls,
we'll aſpire to Glory too.

I. *The Shortneſs of Life, and the Goodneſs of* GOD.

[ME! what an empty Vapour 'tis!
And Days, how ſwift they are!
as an Indian Arrow flies,
like a ſhooting Star.

preſent Moments juſt appear,
en ſlide away in haſte,
we can never ſay, *They're here*:
t only ſay, *They're paſt*]

Life is ever on the Wing,
id Death is ever nigh;
Moment when our Lives begin,
e all begin to die.]

mighty GOD! our fleeting Days
y laſting Favours ſhare,
ith the Bounties of thy Grace
u load'ſt the rolling Year.

All Glory ...
His Mercy never knows a Bound
And be his Name ador'd!

7 Thus we begin the laſting Song;
And when we cloſe our Eyes,
Let the next Age thy Praiſe prolong,
'Till Time and Nature dies. ...

LIX. *Paradiſe on Earth.*

1 GLORY to God that walks the Sk
And ſends his Bleſſings thro';
That tells his Saints of Joys on high,
And gives a Taſte below.

[2 Glory to God that ſtoops his Thr
That Duſt and Worms may ſee't
... a Glimpſe of Glory dow

ite Lilies all around appear,
nd each his Glory ſhows;
: Roſe of Sharon bloſſoms here,
he faireſt Flow'r that blows.

:arful I feaſt on heav'nly Fruit,
nd drink the Pleaſures down,
ıſures that flow hard by the Foot
)f the eternal Throne.]

ah! how ſoon my Joys decay!
ow ſoon my Sins ariſe!
l ſnatch the heav'nly Scene away
rom theſe lamenting Eyes.

ėn ſhall the Time, dear JESUS, when
he ſhining Day appear,
t I ſhall leave theſe Clouds of Sin,
nd Guilt and Darkneſs here?

to the Fields above the Skies,
ly haſty Feet would go;
re everlaſting Flow'rs ariſe,
nd Joys unwith'ring grow.

5. *The Truth of* GOD *the Promiſer*: or, *The Promiſes are our Security.*

Raiſe, everlaſting Praiſe, be paid
To him that Earth's Foundation laid:
ſe to the GOD whoſe ſtrong Decrees
ıy the Creation as he pleaſe.

ſe to the Goodneſs of the LORD,
rules his People by his Word,

And there, as ſtrong as his Decrees,
He ſets his kindeſt Promiſes.

3 Firm are the Words his Prophets give,
Sweet Words, on which his Children live;
Each of them is the Voice of GOD,
Who ſpoke, and ſpread the Skies abroad.

4 Each of them pow'rful as that Sound
That bid the new-made World go round;
And ſtronger than the ſolid Poles,
On which the Wheel of Nature rolls.]

5 Whence then ſhould Doubts and Fears arise
Why trickling Sorrows drown our Eyes?
[illegible] alas! our Mind receives
[illegible]at our Maker gives.

LXI. *A Thought of Death and Glory.*

MY Soul, come meditate the Day,
And think how near it ſtands,
When thou muſt quit this Houſe of Clay
And fly to unknown Lands.

[And you, mine Eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping Tomb;
This gloomy Priſon waits for you,
Whene'er the Summons come.]

O! could we die with thoſe that die,
And place us in their Stead;
Then would our Spirits learn to fly,
And converſe with the Dead:

Then ſhould we ſee the Saints above,
In their own glorious Forms,
And wonder why our Souls ſhould love
To dwell with mortal Worms.

[How we ſhould ſcorn theſe Clothes of Flesh,
Theſe Fetters, and this Load:
And long for Ev'ning to undreſs,
That we may reſt with God.]

We ſhould almoſt forſake our Clay
Before the Summons come,
And *pray*, and wiſh our Souls away
To their eternal Home.

LXII. GOD *the Thunderer*:—or, *The last Judgment and Hell**.

1 SING to the LORD, ye heav'nly Hosts;
And thou, O Earth, adore:
Let Death and Hell thro' all their Coasts
Stand trembling at his Pow'r.

2 His sounding Chariot shakes the Sky;
He makes the Clouds his Throne;
There all his Stores of Lightning lie,
'Till Veng'ance darts them down.



LXIII. *A Funeral Thought.*

[ARK! from the Tombs a doleful Sound,
My Ears attend the Cry;
e living Men come view the Ground,
Where you muſt ſhortly lie.

rinces, this Clay muſt be your Bed,
In ſpite of all your Towr's;
he Tall, the Wiſe, the rev'rend Head,
Muſt lie as low as ours."

at GOD! is this our certain Doom?
nd are we ſtill ſecure!
l walking downward to our Tomb,
nd yet prepare no more!

nt us the Pow'r of quick'ning Grace,
o fit our Souls to fly;
en, when we drop this dying Fleſh,
We'll riſe above the Sky.

IV. GOD *the Glory and the Defence of Sion.*

HAPPY the Church, thou ſacred Place,
The Seat of thy Creator's Grace;
y holy Courts are his Abode:
ou earthly Palace of our GOD.

y Walls are Strength, and at thy Gates,
Guard of heav'nly Warriors waits;
or *ſhall thy* deep Foundations move,
d on his Counſels and his Love.

3 Thy Foes in vain Deſigns engage,
Againſt his Throne in vain they rage;
Like riſing Waves with angry roar,
That daſh and die upon the Shore.

4 Then let our Souls in Zion dwell;
Nor fear the Wrath of Rome and Hell;
His Arms embrace this happy Ground,
Like brazen Bulwarks built around.

5 God is our Shield, and God our Sun;
Swift as the fleeting Moments run,
On us he ſheds new Beams of Grace,
And we reflect his brighteſt Praiſe.

And not a Wave of Trouble roll
Acroſs my peaceful Breaſt.

XVI. *A Proſpect of Heaven makes Death eaſy.*

THERE is a Land of pure Delight,
Where Saints immortal reign:
Infinite Day excludes the Night,
And Pleaſures baniſh Pain.

There everlaſting Spring abides,
And never-with'ring Flow'rs:
Death, like a narrow ſea, divides
This Heav'nly Land from ours.

Sweet Fields beyond the ſwelling Flood,
Stand dreſs'd in living Green:
So to the Jews old Canaan ſtood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

But tim'rous Mortals ſtart and ſhrink,
To croſs this narow Sea;
And linger, ſhiv'ring on the Brink,
And fear to launch away.]

O! Could we make our Doubts remove,
Thoſe gloomy Doubts that riſe,
And ſee the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded Eyes!

Could we but climb where Moſes ſtood,
And view the Landſkip o'er,
Not Jordan's Streams, nor Death's cold Flood,
Should fright us from the Shore.

LXVII. God's *eternal Dominion.*

1 GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
What worthleſs Worms are we!
Let the whole Race of Creatures bow,
And pay their Praiſe to thee.

2 Thy Throne eternal Ages ſtood,
Ere Seas or Stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the Nations dead.

XVIII. *The humble Worſhip of Heaven.*

Father, I long, I faint to ſee
The Place of thine Abode:
d leave thine earthly Courts and flee
Up to thy Seat, my God!

ere I behold thy diſtant Face,
And 'tis a pleaſing Sight;
ut to abide in thine Embrace
Is infinite Delight.

'd part with all the Joys of Senſe,
To gaze upon thy Throne;
leaſure ſprings freſh for ever thence,
Unſpeakable, unknown.

There all the heav'nly Hoſts are ſeen,
In ſhining Ranks they move,
nd drink immortal Vigour in
With Wonder and with Love.

hen at thy Feet with awful Fear
Th' adoring Armies fall;
Vith Joy they ſhrink to NOTHING there,
Before th' Eternal ALL.

here I would vie with all the Hoſt
In Duty and in Bliſs;
While LESS THAN NOTHING I could boaſt,
And VANITY * confeſs.]

* *Iſa. xl. 17.*

[1 BEgin, my Tongue, ſome l
And ſpeak ſome bound
The mighty Works, or migh
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wond'rous Faithfu
And ſound his Pow'r abroa
Sing the ſweet Promiſe of his
And the performing God

3 Proclaim "Salvation from th
"For wretched dying Me
His Hand has writ the ſacred
With an immortal Pen.

ice that rolls the Stars along,
s all the Promiſes.

. "Let the wide Heav'n be ſpread,"
Heav'n was ſtretch'd abroad;
m, I'll be thy GOD," he ſaid,
he was Abra'm's GOD.

it I hear thy heav'nly Tongue
hiſper, *Thou art mine!*
ntle Words ſhould raiſe my Song
otes almoſt divine.

uld my leaping Heart rejoice,
hink my Heav'n ſecure!
ie all-creating Voice;
Faith deſires no more.]

. GOD's *Dominion over the Sea,*
Pſalm cvii. 23, &c.

of the Seas, thy thund'ring Voice
akes all the roaring Waves rejoice!
ſoft Word of thy Command,
. them ſilent in the Sand.

Moſes wave thy Rod,
divides, and owns its GOD;
my Floods their Maker knew,
his choſen Armies through.

Flocks amidſt the Sea,
their LORD, a Tribute pay;
neſt Fiſh that ſwims the Flood,
and means a Praiſe to GOD.

[4 The larger Monſters of t
On thy Commands Attend
By thy Permiſſion ſport a
And cleave along their fo

5 If GOD his Voice of Tem
Leviathan lies ſtill, and f
Anon he liſts his Noſtrils
And ſpouts the Ocean to

6 How is thy glorious Pow'
Amidſt theſe wat'ry Natio
Yet the bold Men that tra
Bold Men! refuſe their M

[7 What Scenes of Miracl
And never tune a Song t
While on the Flood they
They curſe the Hand that

8 Anon they plunge in wat'
And ſome drink Death a
Yet the ſurviving Crew b
Nor own the GOD that re

9 O, for ſome Signal of thi
Shake all the Seas, LORD,
Great Judge deſcend, leſt
That there's a GOD that

From the 70th to the 108t
Reader will forgive the Neg
firſt and third Lines of the S

LXXI. *Praiſe to* God *from all Creatures.*

ℵ THE Glories of my Maker, God,
My joyful Voice ſhall ſing,
And call the Nations to adore
Their Former and their King.

ב 'Twas his right Hand that ſhap'd our Clay,
And wrought this human Frame;
But from his own immediate Breath
Our nobler Spirits came.

ג We bring our mortal Pow'rs to God,
And worſhip with our Tongues;
We claim ſome Kindred with the Skies,
And join th' Angelic Songs.

ד Let grov'ling Beaſts of ev'ry Shape,
And Fowls of ev'ry Wing,
And Rocks, and Trees, and Fires, and Seas,
Their various Tribute bring.

ה Ye Planets, to his Honour ſhine,
And Wheels of Nature roll;
Praiſe him in your unwearied Courſe
Around the ſteady Pole.

ו The Brightneſs of our Maker's Name
The wide Creation fills,
And his unbounded Grandeur flies
Beyond *the heav'nly* Hills.

LXXII. *The* LORD'S *Day:* or, *Refurrection of* CHRIST.

1 BLeſs'd Morning, whoſe young d
Beheld our riſing GOD;
That ſaw him triumph o'er the Duſt,
And leave his laſt Abode!

2 In the cold Priſon of a Tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving Skies had brought
The Third, th' appointed Day.

3 Hell and the Grave unite their Force

y Tongue ſhall triumph in my God,
And make a joyful Noiſe.

rkneſs and Doubts had veil'd my Mind,
And drown'd my Head in Tears,
ll ſov'reign Grace with ſhining Rays
Diſpell'd my gloomy Fears.

what immortal Joys I felt,
And Raptures all divine,
hen JESUS told me, I was his,
And my Beloved, mine!

vain the Tempter frights my Soul,
And breaks my Peace in vain;
e Glimpſe, dear Saviour, of thy Face
Revives my Joys again.

XXIV. *Repentance from a Senſe of divine oodneſs:* or, *A Complaint of Ingratitude.*

S this the kind Return,
And theſe the Thanks we owe?
to abuſe eternal Love,
Whence all our Bleſſings flow!

o what a ſtubborn Frame
las Sin reduc'd our Mind!
ſtrange rebellious Wretches we,
nd GOD as ſtrangely kind!

On us he bids the Sun
hed his reviving Rays;
the Skies their Circles run
o lengthen out our Days.

4 The Brutes obey their God,
And bow their Necks to Men;
But we more baſe, more brutiſh Things,
Reject his eaſy Reign.]

5 Turn, turn us, mighty God!
And mould our Souls afreſh;
Break, ſov'reign Grace, theſe Hearts of Stone
And give us Hearts of Fleſh.

6 Let paſt Ingratitude
Provoke our weeping Eyes,
And hourly, as new Mercies fall
Let hourly Thanks ariſe.

nd endleſs Ages I'll adore
The Glories of thy Love.

ſweet JESUS! ev'ry Smile of thine
Shall freſh Endearments bring;
nd thouſand Taſtes of new Delight
From all thy Graces ſpring.

aſte, my Beloved, fetch my Soul
Up to thy bleſs'd Abode;
ly, for my Spirit longs to ſee
My Saviour and my GOD.

LXXVI. *The Reſurrection and Aſcenſion of* CHRIST.

HOſanna to the Prince of Light,
That cloth'd himſelf in Clay;
nter'd the Iron Gates of Death,
And tore the Bars away.

eath is no more the King of Dread,
Since our IMMANUEL roſe;
le took the Tyrant's Sting away,
And ſpoil'd our helliſh Foes.

ee how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
Vith Scars of Honour in his Fleſh,
And Triumph in his Eyes.

here our exalted Saviour reigns,
And ſcatters Bleſſings down;
Our JESUS fills the middle Seat
Of the celeſtial Throne.

[5 Raiſe your Devotion, mortal Tongues,
To reach his bleſs'd Abode;
Sweet be the Accents of your Songs
To our incarnate God.

6 Bright Angels, ſtrike your loudeſt Strings,
Your ſweeteſt Voices raiſe;
Let Heav'n and all created Things
Sound our IMMANUEL's Praiſe.]

LXXVII. *The Chriſtian Warfare.*

[1 STand up, my Soul, ſhake off thy Fears
And gird the Goſpel-Armour on;

6 There ſhall I wear a ſtarry Crown,
And triumph in Almighty Grace;
While all the Armies of the Skies
Join in my glorious Leader's Praiſe.

LXXVIII. *Redemption by* CHRIST.

1 WHEN the firſt Parents of our Race
Rebell'd, and loſt their GOD,
And the Infection of their Sin
Had tainted all our Blood!

2 Infinite Pity touch'd the Heart
Of the eternal SON;
Deſcending from the heav'nly Court,
He left his Father's Throne.

3 Aſide the Prince of Glory threw
His moſt divine Array,
And wrap'd his Godhead in a Veil
Of our inferior Clay.

4 His living Pow'r, and dying Love,
Redeem'd unhappy Men,
And rais'd the Ruins of our Race
To Life and GOD again.

5 To thee, dear LORD, our Fleſh and Soul
We joyfully reſign;
Bleſs'd JESUS, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

6 Thine Honour ſhall for ever be
The Buſineſs of our Days,
For ever ſhall our thankful Tongues
Speak thy deſerved Praiſe.

LXXIX. *Praiſe to the Redeemer.*

1 PLung'd in a Gulph of dark Deſpair
We wretched Sinners lay,
Without one chearful Beam of Hope,
Or Spark of glimm'ring Day.

2 With pitying Eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpleſs Grief;
He ſaw, and (O amazing Love!)
He ran to our Relief.

3 Down from the ſhining Seats above
With joyful Haſte he fled,
Enter'd the Grave in mortal Fleſh

Angels! aſſiſt our mighty Joys,
Strike all your Harps of Gold;
But when you raiſe your higheſt Notes,
His Love can ne'er be told.]

LXXX. God's *awful Power and Goodneſs.*

1 OH! the Almighty Lord!
How matchleſs is his Pow'r!
remble, O Earth, beneath his Word,
While all the Heav'ns adore.

2 Let Proud imperious Kings
Bow low before his Throne!
rouch to his Feet, ye haughty Things,
Or he ſhall tread you down.

3 Above the Skies he reigns,
And with amazing Blows
e deals unſufferable Pains
On his rebellious Foes.

4 Yet, everlaſting God!
We love to ſpeak thy Praiſe;
hy Scepter's equal to thy Rod,
The Scepter of thy Grace.

5 The Arms of mighty Love
Defend our Sion well,
nd heav'nly Mercy walls us round
From Babylon and Hell.

6 Salvation to the King
That ſits enthron'd above:
hus we adore the God of Might,
And bleſs the God of Love.

LXXXI. *Our Sin the Cauſe of* CHRIST'S

1 AND now the Scales have left mine
Now I begin to ſee:
O, the curs'd Deeds my Sins have done
What murd'rous Things they be!

2 Were theſe the Traitors, deareſt LORD,
That thy fair Body tore?
Monſters that ſtain'd thoſe heav'nly Lim
With Floods of purple Gore!

3 Was it for Crimes that I had done

He rais'd me from the Deeps of Sin,
The Gates of gaping Hell,
And fix'd my ſtanding more ſecure
Than 'twas before I fell.

The Arms of everlaſting Love
Beneath my Soul he plac'd,
And on the Rock of Ages ſet
My ſlippery Footſteps faſt.

The City of my bleſs'd Abode
Is wall'd around with Grace;
Salvation for a Bulwark ſtands
To ſhield the ſacred Place.

Satan may vent his ſharpeſt Spite,
And all his Legions roar;
Almighty Mercy guards my Life,
And bounds his raging Pow'r,

Ariſe, my Soul, awake, my Voice,
And Tunes of Pleaſure ſing;
Loud Hallelujahs ſhall addreſs
My Saviour and my King.

LXXXIII. *The Paſſion and Exaltation of* CHRIST.

THUS ſaith the Ruler of the Skies,
"Awake, my dreadful Sword;
"Awake, my Wrath, and ſmite the Man,
"My Fellow," ſaith the LORD.

Veng'ance receiv'd the dread Command,
And armed, down the flies;

Jesus ſubmits t' his Father's Hand,
And bows his Head, and dies.

3 But O! the Wiſdom and the Grace
That join'd with Veng'ance now;
He dies to ſave our guilty Race,
And yet he riſes too.

4 A Perſon ſo divine was he,
Who yielded to be ſlain,
That he could give his Soul away,
And take his Life again.

5 Live, glorious Lord! and reign on H
Let ev'ry Nation ſing,

Mountains of Almighty Wrath
Lay heavy on his Soul.]
Down to the Shades of Death
He bow'd his awful Head;
He aroſe to live and reign
When Death itſelf is dead.
No more the bloody Spear,
The Croſs and Nails no more;
Hell itſelf ſhakes at his Name,
And all the Heav'ns adore.
There the Redeemer ſits
High on the Father's Throne;
Father lays his Veng'ance by,
And ſmiles upon his Son.
There his full Glories ſhine
With uncreated Rays,
bleſs his Saints and Angels Eyes
To everlaſting Days.

LXXXV. *Sufficiency of Pardon.*

WHY does your Face, ye humble Souls,
Thoſe mournful Colours wear!
hat Doubts are theſe that waſte your Faith,
And nouriſh your Deſpair?
hat tho' your num'rous Sins exceed
The Stars that fill the Skies,
id aiming at th' eternal Throne,
Like pointed Mountains riſe:
hat tho' your mighty Guilt beyond
The wide Creation ſwell,

And has its curs'd Foundations laid
Low as the Deeps of Hell:

4 See here an endleſs Ocean flows
Of never-failing Grace;
Behold a dying Saviour's Veins
The ſacred Flood increaſe:

5 It riſes high, and drowns the Hills,
Has neither Shore nor Bound:
Now, if we ſearch to find our Sins,
Our Sins can ne'er be found.

6 Awake, our Hearts, adore the Grac

re ſhall we ſit, and ſing, and tell
he Wonders of his Grace,
heav'nly Raptures fire our Hearts,
nd ſmile in ev'ry Face.

ever his dear ſacred Name
ıall dwell upon our Tongue,
JESUS and Salvation be
he Cloſe of ev'ry Song.

XXXVII. *The divine Glories above our Reaſon.*

[OW wondrous great, how glorious bright
Muſt our Creator be,
ıo dwells amidſt the dazzling Light
)f vaſt Infinity!

ſoa ing Spirits upwards riſe
'ward the celeſtial Throne:
ı would we ſee the bleſſed Three,
.nd the Almighty One.

Reaſon ſtretches all its Wings,
.nd climbs above the Skies:
ſtill how far beneath thy Feet
)ur grov'ling Reaſon lies!

RD, here we bend our humble Souls,
.nd awfully adore:
the weak Pinions of our Mind
an ſtretch a Thought no more.]

Glories infinitely riſe
bove our lab'ring Tongue;

In vain the higheſt Seraph tries
To form an equal Song.

[6 In humble Notes our Faith adores
The great myſterious King,
While Angels ſtrain their nobler Pow'rs,
And ſweep th' immortal String.]

LXXXVIII. *Salvation.*

1 SAlvation! O, the joyful Sound;
'Tis Pleaſure to our Ears;
A ſov'reign Balm for ev'ry Wound,
A Cordial for our Fears.

But heavy Bars confine their Pow'r
And Malice to the Deep.

3 Hoſanna to our conqu'ring King!
All hail, incarnate Love!
Ten thouſand Songs and Glories wait
To crown thy Head above.

4 Thy Vict'ries and thy deathleſs Fame
Thro' the wide World ſhall run,
And everlaſting Ages ſing
The Triumphs thou haſt won.

XC. *Faith in* CHRIST *for Pardon and Sanctification.*

1 HOW ſad our State by Nature is!
Our Sin how deep it ſtains!
And Satan binds our captive Minds
Faſt in his ſlaviſh Chains.

2 But there's a Voice of ſov'reign Grace
Sounds from the ſacred Word;
"Ho! ye deſpairing Sinners, come,
"And truſt upon the LORD."

3 My Soul obeys th' Almighty Call,
And runs to this Relief;
I would believe thy Promiſe, LORD;
O! help my Unbelief.

4 To the dear Fountain of thy Blood,
Incarnate GOD! I fly;
Here let me waſh my ſpotted Soul
From Crimes of deepeſt Dye.



Thou my Strength and Ri
My JESUS, and my ALL.]

XCI. *The Glory of* CHRIS

1 OH, the Delights, the hea
The Glories of the Place
Where JESUS ſheds the bright
Of his o'erflowing Grace.

2 Sweet Majeſty and awful Lov
Sit ſmiling on his Brow,
And all the glorious Ranks ab
At humble Diſtance bow.

[3 Princes to his imperial Name
Bend their [illegible]

High on a Throne of Light they ſtand,
And all the Saints adore.

His Head, the dear majeſtic Head
That cruel Thorns did wound,
See what immortal Glories ſhine,
And circle it around!]

This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
Whom we unſeen adore;
But when our Eyes behold his Face,
Our Hearts ſhall love him more.

LORD, how our Souls are all on fire
To ſee thy bleſs'd Abode;
Our Tongues rejoice in Tunes of Praiſe
To our incarnate GOD!

And while our Faith enjoys this Sight,
We long to leave our Clay;
And wiſh thy fiery Chariots, LORD,
To fetch our Souls away.]

XCII. *The Church ſaved, and her Enemies diſappointed.*

Compoſed the 5th of November, 1694.

SHout to the LORD, and let our Joys
Thro' the whole Nation run;
Ye Britiſh Skies reſound the Noiſe
Beyond the riſing Sun.

Thee, *mighty* GOD! our Souls admire;
Thee our glad Voices ſing;

And join with the celeſtial Choir
To praiſe th' eternal King.

3 Thy Pow'r the whole Creation rule
And on the ſtarry Skies,
Sits ſmiling at the weak Deſigns
Thine envious Foes deviſe.

4 Thy Scorn derides their feeble Rag
And with an awful Frown,
Flings vaſt Confuſion on their Plots
And ſhakes their Babel down.

5 Their ſecret Fires in Caverns lay,
And we the Sacrifice:

GOD *all, and in all,* Pſal. lxxiii. 25.

[Y GOD, my Life, my Love;
To thee, to thee I call;
live if thou remove,
thou art All in All.

y ſhining Grace can cheer
s Dungeon where I dwell;
adiſe when thou art here;
hou depart, 'tis Hell.]

ne Smilings of thy Face,
w amiable they are!
ıv'n to reſt in thine Embrace,
d no where elſe but there.]

› thee, and thee alone,
e Angels owe their Bliſs;
around thy gracious Throne,
d dwell where JESUS is.]

ot all the Harps above
ı make a heav'nly Place,
his Reſidence remove,
but conceal his Face.]

ır Earth, nor all the Sky,
n one Delight afford;
t a Drop of real Joy,
ithout thy Preſence, LORD.

ıou art the Sea of Love,
here all my Pleaſures roll;
rcle where my Paſſions move,
d Center of my Soul.

[8 To thee my Spirits fly
With infinite Desire:
And yet, how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.]

XCIV. God *my only Happiness.* Psal. lxxiii. 2

1 MY God, my Portion, and my Love,
My everlasting All,
I've none but thee in Heav'n above,
Or on this earthly Ball.

[2 What empty Things are all the Skies.

Or what's my Safety, or my Health,
Or all my Friends, to me?

3 Were I Poſſeſſor of the Earth,
And call'd the Stars my own;
Without thy Graces, and thy Self,
I were a Wretch undone.

4 Let others ſtretch their Arms like Seas,
And graſp in all the Shore;
Grant me the Viſits of thy Face,
And I deſire no more.

XCV. *Look on him whom they pierced, and mourn.*

1 INfinite Grief! amazing Woe!
Behold my bleeding LORD!
Hell and the Jews conſpir'd his Death,
And us'd the Roman Sword.

2 O, the ſharp Pangs of ſmarting Pain
My dear Redeemer bore!
When knotty Whips and jagged Thorns
His ſacred Body tore!

3 But knotty Whips and jagged Thorns
In vain do I accuſe:
In vain I blame the Roman Bands,
And the more ſpiteful Jews:

4 'Twere you, my Sins, my cruel Sins,
His chief Tormentors were;
Each of my Crimes became a Nail,
And Unbelief the Spear.

5 'Twere you that pull'd the Veng'anc
Upon his guiltleſs Head;
Break, break, my Heart! O, burſt mi
And let my Sorrows bleed.

6 Strike, mighty Grace, my flinty Soul,
Till melting Waters flow,
And deep Repentance drown mine I
In undiſſembled Woe.

XCVI. *Diſtinguiſhing Love:* or, *A*
puniſhed, and Men ſaved.

1 DOwn headlong from their native

And the full Choir of human Tongues
All Hallelujah ſing.

XCVII. *The ſame.*

FROM Heav'n the ſinning Angels fell,
And Wrath and Darkneſs chain'd them down;
But Man, vile Man, forſook his Bliſs,
And Mercy lifts him to a Crown.

Amazing Work of ſov'reign Grace,
That could diſtinguiſh Rebels ſo!
Our guilty Treaſons call'd aloud
For everlaſting Fetters too.

To thee, to thee, Almighty Love,
Our Souls, our Selves, our All we pay;
Millions of Tongues ſhall ſound thy Praiſe
On the bright Hills of heav'nly Day.

XCVIII. *Hardneſs of Heart complained of.*

MY Heart how dreadful hard it is!
How heavy here it lies!
Heavy and cold within my Breaſt,
Juſt like a Rock of Ice!

Sin, like a raging Tyrant, ſits
Upon this flinty Throne,
And ev'ry Grace lies bury'd deep
Beneath this Heart of Stone.

How *ſeldom do I* riſe to GOD,
Or taſte the Joys above!

This Mountain preſſes down my Faith,
And chills my flaming Love.

4 When ſmiling Mercy courts my Soul
With all its heav'nly Charms,
This ſtubborn, this relentleſs Thing,
Would thruſt it from my Arms.

5 Againſt the Thunders of thy Word,
Rebellious I have ſtood;
My Heart, it ſhakes not at the Wrath
And Terrors of a God.

6 Dear Saviour, ſteep this Rock of mine
In thine own crimſon Sea!

And 'tis his Hand that hides my Sun,
If Darkneſs cloud my Days.

5 Yet I would not be much concern'd,
Nor vainly long to ſee
The Volumes of his deep Decrees,
What Months are writ for me.

6 When he reveals the Book of Life,
O, may I read my Name
Amongſt the choſen of his Love,
The Followers of the Lamb!

C. *The Preſence of* CHRIST *is the Life of my Soul.*

1 HOW full of Anguiſh is the Thought,
How it diſtracts and tears my Heart,
If GOD at laſt, my Sov'reign Judge,
Should frown, and bid my Soul, *Depart!*

2 LORD, when I quit this earthly Stage,
Where ſhall I fly, but to thy Breaſt?
For I have ſought no other Home;
For I have learn'd no other Reſt.

3 I cannot live contented here,
Without ſome Glimpſes of thy Face;
And Heav'n, without thy Preſence there,
Will be a dark and tireſome Place.

4 When earthly Cares ingroſs the Day,
And hold my Thoughts aſide from thee,
The ſhining Hours of cheerful Light
Are long and tedious Years to me.



5 And if no Ev'ning Viſit's paid
Between my Saviour and my So
How dull the Night! how ſad t
How mournfully the Minutes r

6 This Fleſh of mine might learn
To live, yet part with all my Bl
To breathe, when vital Air is g
Or thrive and grow without my

[7 CHRIST is my Light, my Life,
My bleſſed Hope, my heav'nly
Dearer than all my Paſſions are
My Limbs, my Bowels, or my

ıur, and Gold, and ſenſual Joy,
ɔw vain and dang'rous too!

ıour's a Puff of noiſy Breath;
t Men expoſe their Blood,
venture everlaſting Death
gain that airy Good.

ſt others ſtarve the nobler Mind,
d feed on ſhining Duſt,
rob the Serpent of his Food,
indulge a ſordid Luſt.)

Pleaſures that allure our Senſe,
e dang'rous Snares to Souls!
e's but a Drop of flatt'ring Sweet,
ıd daſh'd with bitter Bowls.

is my all-ſufficient Good,
y Portion and my Choice;
m my vaſt Deſires are fill'd,
nd all my Pow'rs rejoice.

in the World accoſts my Ear,
ıd tempts my Heart anew;
ınôt buy your Bliſs ſo dear,
ɔr part with Heav'n for you.

CII. *A happy Reſurrection.*

O, I'll repine at Death no more,
But with a cheerful Gaſp, reſign,
he cold Dungeon of the Grave
e dying, with'ring Limbs of mine:
Worms devour my waſting Fleſh,
crumble all my Bones to Duſt;

3 Break, ſacred Morning, thro' the Sk
Bring that delightful, dreadful Day;
Cut ſhort the Hours, dear LORD, and
Thy ling'ring Wheels, how long the

[4 Our weary Spirits faint to ſee
The Light of thy returning Face,
And hear the Language of thoſe Lips,
Where GOD has ſhed his richeſt Gr

[5 Haſte then upon the Wings of Love
Rouze all the pious ſleeping Clay,
That we may join in heav'nly Joys,
And ſing the Triumph of the Day.]

CIII. CHRIST's *Commiſſion*, John iii. 1

1 COME, happy Souls, approach yo
With new melodious Songs;

4 But all was Mercy, all was mild,
And Wrath forſook the Throne,
When CHRIST on the kind Errand ca
And brought Salvation down.

5 Here, Sinners, you may heal your Wo
And wipe your Sorrows dry;
Truſt in the mighty Saviour's Name,
And you ſhall never die.

6 See, deareſt LORD, our willing Souls
Accept thine offer'd Grace;
We bleſs the great Redeemer's Love,
And give the Father Praiſe.

CIV. *The ſame.*

1 RAISE your triumphant Songs
To an immortal Tune,
et the wide Earth reſound the Deeds
Celeſtial Grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal Love
Its chief Beloved choſe,
nd bid him raiſe our wretched Race
From their Abyſs of Woes.

3 His Hand no Thunder bears,
Nor Terror clothes his Brow;
o Bolts to drive our guilty Souls
To fiercer Flames below.

4 'Twas Mercy fill'd the Throne,
And Wrath ſtood ſilent by,
hen CHRIST was ſent with Pardons do
To Rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now, Sinners, dry your Tears,
Let hopeleſs Sorrow ceaſe;
Bow to the Scepter of his Love,
And take the offer'd Peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy Call;
We lay an humble Claim
To the Salvation thou haſt brought,
And love and praiſe thy Name.

CV. *Repentance flowing from the Patience of* God.

1 AND are we Wretches yet alive?
And do we yet rebel?
'Tis boundleſs, 'tis amazing Love

CVI. *Repentance at the Croſs.*

OH, if my Soul were form'd for Woe,
How would I vent my Sighs!
Repentance ſhould like Rivers flow
From both my ſtreaming Eyes.

'Twas for my Sins my deareſt LORD
Hung on the curſed Tree,
And groan'd away a dying Life,
For thee, my Soul, for thee.

O, how I hate thoſe Luſts of mine
That crucify'd my GOD;
Thoſe Sins that pierc'd and nail'd his Fleſh
Faſt to the fatal Wood?

Yes, my Redeemer, they ſhall die,
My Heart has ſo decreed:
Nor will I ſpare the guilty Things
That made my Saviour bleed.

Whilſt with a melting broken Heart
My murder'd LORD I view,
I'll raiſe revenge againſt my Sins,
And ſlay the Murd'rers too.

VII. *The everlaſting Abſence of* GOD *intolerable.*

THAT awful Day will ſurely come,
Th' appointed Hour makes haſte,
When I muſt ſtand before my Judge,
And paſs the ſolemn Teſt.

Thou lovely Chief of all my Joys,
Thou Sov'reign of my Heart,

How could I bear to hear thy Voice
Pronounce the Sound, *Depart?*

[3 The Thunder of that dismal Word
Would so torment my Ear,
'Twould tear my Soul asunder, LORD,
With most tormenting Fear.]

[4 What, to be banish'd from my Life,
And yet forbid to die?
To linger in eternal Pain,
Yet Death for ever fly?]

5 O! wretched State of deep Despair,
To see my GOD remove,

And ſmile to ſee our Father there
Upon a Throne of Love.

2 Once 'twas a Seat of dreadful Wrath,
And ſhot devouring Flame;
Our GOD appear'd *conſuming Fire*,
And Veng'ance was his Name.

3 Rich were the drops of JESUS' Blood,
That calm'd his frowning Face,
That ſprinkled o'er the burning Throne,
And turn'd the Wrath to Grace.

4 Now we may bow before his Feet,
And venture near the LORD;
No fiery Cherub guards his Seat,
Nor double flaming Sword.

5 The peaceful Gates of heav'nly Bliſs
Are open'd by the Son;
High let us raiſe our Notes of Praiſe,
And reach th' Almighty Throne.

6 To thee ten thouſand Thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on High;
And Glory to th' Eternal King
That lays his Fury by.

CIX. *The Darkneſs of Providence.*

1 LORD, we adore thy vaſt Deſigns,
Th' obſcure Abyſs of Providence,
Too deep to ſound with mortal Lines,
Too dark to view with feeble Senſe.

2 *Now thou* array'ſt thine awful Face
In angry Frowns, without a Smile;

4 Dear Father, if thy lifted Rod
Reſolve to ſcourge us here below,
Still we muſt lean upon our God,
Thine Arm ſhall bear us ſafely throug

CX. *Triumph over Death, in Hope of Refurrection.*

1 AND muſt this Body die?
This mortal Frame decay?
And muſt theſe active Limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the Clay?

2 Corruption, Earth, and Worms,
Shall but refine this Flesh,
Till my triumphant Spirit comes

ıeſe lively Hopes we owe
› JESUS' dying Love;
›uld adore his Grace below,
ıd ſing his Pow'r above.

ear LORD, accept the Praiſe
f theſe our humble Songs,
ınes of nobler Sound we raiſe
'ith our immortal Tongues.

I. *Thanksgiving for Victory:* or, GOD's *Dominion, and our Deliverance.*

ION rejoice, and Judah ſing,
The LORD aſſumes his Throne;
Britain own the heav'nly King,
nd make his Glories known.

Great, the Wicked, and the Proud,
om their high Seats are hurl'd;
OVAH rides upon a Cloud,
nd thunders thro' the World.

eigns upon th' eternal Hills,
iſtributes mortal Crowns;
›ires are fix'd beneath his Smiles,
nd totter at his Frowns.

'ies, that rule the Ocean wide,
re vanquiſh'd by his Breath;
Legions arm'd with Pow'r and Pride
eſcend to wat'ry Death.

Tyrants make no more Pretence
› vex our happy Land;
OVAH's Name is our Defence,
ır Buckler is his Hand.

Saints.

1 GReat God! to what a glorious H
Haſt thou advanc'd the LORD t
Angels, in all their Robes of Light,
Are made the Servants of his Throne

2 Before his Feet thine Armies wait,
And ſwift as Flames of Fire they mo
To manage his Affairs of State,
In Works of Veng'ance, and of Love

3 His Orders run thro' all the Hoſts;
Legions deſcend at his Command,
To ſhield and guard the Britiſh Coaſt
When foreign Rage invades our Land

CXIII. *The ſame.*

1 THE Majeſty of Solomon,
How glorious to behold!
The Servants waiting round his Throne,
The Iv'ry and the Gold!

2 But, mighty GOD! thy Palace ſhines
With far ſuperior Beams;
Thine Angel-Guards are ſwift as Winds,
Thy Miniſters are Flames.

[3 Soon as thine only Son had made
His Entrance on the Earth,
A ſhining Army downward fled
To celebrate his Birth.

4 And when, oppreſs'd with Pains and Fears,
On the cold Ground he lies,
Behold, a heav'nly Form appears,
T' allay his Agonies.]

5 Now to the Hands of CHRIST our King,
Are all their Legions giv'n;
They wait upon his Saints, and bring
His choſen Heirs to Heav'n.

6 Pleaſure and Praiſe run thro' their Hoſt,
To ſee a Sinner turn;
Then Satan has a Captive loſt,
And CHRIST a Subject born.

7 But there's an Hour of brighter Joy,
When he his Angels ſends
Obſtinate Rebels to deſtroy,
And gather in his Friends.



Dominion.

1 I Sing my Saviour's wond'rous
He conquer'd when he fell;
'Tis finiſh'd, ſaid his dying Breath
And ſhook the Gates of Hell.

2 *'Tis finiſh'd,* our IMMANUEL crie
The dreadful Work is done;
Hence ſhall his ſov'reign Thron
His Kingdom is begun.

3 His Croſs a ſure Foundation laic
For Glory and Renown,
When thro' the Regions of the
He paſs'd to reach the Crowr

CXV. GOD *the Avenger of his Saints*: or, *his Kingdom ſupreme.*

1 HIGH as the Heav'ns above the Ground,
Reigns the Creator, GOD;
Wide as the whole Creation's Round,
Extends his awful Rod.

2 Let Princes of exalted State
To Him aſcribe their Crown,
Render their Homage at his Feet,
And caſt their Glories down.

3 Know that his Kingdom is ſupreme,
Your lofty Thoughts are vain;
He calls you Gods, that awful Name!
But ye muſt die like Men.

4 Then let the Sov'reigns of the Globe
Not dare to vex the Juſt;
He puts on Veng'ance like a Robe,
And treads the Worms to Duſt.

5 Ye Judges of the Earth, be wiſe,
And think of Heav'n with Fear;
The meaneſt Saint that you deſpiſe
Has an Avenger there.

CXVI. *Mercies and Thanks.*

1 HOW can I ſink with ſuch a Prop
As my eternal GOD,
Who bears the Earth's huge Pillars up,
And ſpreads the Heav'ns abroad?

1 How can I die while JESUS lives,
Who roſe and left the Dead?
Pardon and Grace my Soul receives
From mine exalted Head.

2 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever thine;
Whate'er my Duty bids me give,
My chearful Hands reſign.

4 Yet if I might make ſome Reſerve,
And Duty did not call,
I love my GOD with Zeal ſo great,
That I ſhould give him All.

CXVII. *Living and dying with* GOD *preſent.*

1 I Cannot bear thine Abſence, LORD,
My Life expires if thou depart:
Be thou, my Heart, ſtill near my GOD;
And thou, my GOD, be near my Heart.

2 I was not born for Earth or Sin;
Nor can I live on Things ſo vile:
Yet I will ſtay my Father's Time,
And hope, and wait for Heav'n awhile.

3 Then, deareſt LORD, in thine Embrace
Let me reſign my fleeting Breath,
And, with a Smile upon my Face,
Paſs the important Hour of Death.

CXVIII. *The Prieſthood of* CHRIST.

1 BLood has a Voice to pierce the Skies,
Revenge, the Blood of Abel cries:
But the dear Stream, when CHRIST was ſlain,
Speaks *Peace* as loud from ev'ry Vein.

2 Pardon and Peace from GOD on high;
Behold, he lays his Veng'ance by;
And Rebels that deſerve his Sword,
Become the Fav'rites of the LORD.

3 To JESUS let our Praiſes riſe,
Who gave his Life a Sacrifice;
Now he appears before his GOD,
And, for our Pardon, pleads his Blood.

CXIX. *The Holy Scriptures.*

1 LAden with Guilt, and full of Fears,
I fly to thee, my LORD;
And not a Glimpſe of Hope appears,
But in thy written Word.

2 The Volume of my Father's Grace
Does all my Grief aſſuage:
Here I behold my Saviour's Face
Almoſt in ev'ry Page.

3 This is the Field, where hidden lies
The Pearl of Price unknown;
That Merchant is divinely wiſe,
Who makes that Pearl his own.



4 Here conſecrated water flows
To quench my Thirſt of Sin;
Here the fair Tree of Knowledge grows,
Nor Danger dwells therein.

5 This is the Judge that ends the Strife,
Where Wit and Reaſon fail;
My Guide to everlaſting Life,
Thro' all this gloomy Vale.

6 O! may thy Counſels, mighty God!
My roving Feet command;
Nor I forſake the happy Road,
That leads to thy right Hand.

CXX. *The Law and Goſpel joined in Scripture.*

THE Lord declares his Will,
And keeps the World in Awe:
Amidſt the Smoke on Sinai's Hill,
Breaks out his fiery Law.

2 The Lord reveals his Face,
And ſmiling from Above,
Sends down the Goſpel of his Grace,
Th' Epiſtles of his Love.

3 Theſe ſacred Words impart
Our Maker's juſt Commands;
The Pity of his melting Heart,
And Veng'ance of his Hands.

4 Hence we awake our Fear,
We draw our Comfort hence;

Arms of Grace are treaſur'd here,
And Armour of Defence.

We learn CHRIST crucify'd,
And here behold his Blood;
Arts and Knowledges beſide
Will do us little good.]

We read the heav'nly Word,
We take the offer'd Grace,
y the Statutes of the LORD,
And truſt his Promiſes.

In vain ſhall Satan rage
Againſt a Book divine,
ere Wrath and Lightning guards the Page,
Where Beams of Mercy ſhine.

CXXI. *The Law and Goſpel diſtinguiſhed.*

THE Law commands, and makes us know
What Duties to our GOD we owe;
ut 'tis the Goſpel muſt reveal
Vhere lies our Strength to do his Will.

he Law diſcovers Guilt and Sin,
nd ſhews how vile our Hearts have been;
)nly the Goſpel can expreſs
orgiving Love and cleanſing Grace.

Vhat Curſes doth the Law denounce
gainſt the Man that fails but once?
ut in the Goſpel CHRIST appears,
nd'ning the Guilt of num'rous Years.

4 My Soul no more attempt to draw
Thy Life and Comfort from the Law;
Fly to the Hope the Gospel gives:
The Man that trusts the Promise lives.

CXXII. *Retirement and Meditation.*

1 MY God, permit me not to be
A Stranger to myself and Thee;
Amidst a thousand Thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest Love.

2 Why should my Passions mix with Earth,
And thus debase my heav'nly Birth?
Why should I cleave to Things below,
And let my God, my Saviour go?

3 Call me away from Flesh and Sense;
One sov'reign Word can draw me thence:
I would obey the Voice divine,
And all inferior Joys resign.

4 Be Earth with all her Scenes withdrawn;
Let Noise and Vanity be gone;
In secret Silence of the Mind,
My Heav'n, and there my God, I find.

CXXIII. *The Benefit of public Ordinances.*

1 AWAY from every mortal Care,
Away from Earth our Souls retreat:
We leave this worthless World afar,
And wait and worship near thy Seat.

LORD, in the Temple of thy Grace
We ſee thy Feet, and we adore;
We gaze upon thy lovely Face,
And learn the Wonders of thy Pow'r.

While here our various Wants we mourn,
United Groans aſcend on High;
And Prayer bears a quick Return
Of Bleſſings in Variety.

If Satan rage, and Sin grows ſtrong,
Here we receive ſome chearing Word
We gird the Goſpel-Armour on,
To fight the Battles of the LORD.

Or if our Spirit faints and dies,
(Our Conſcience gall'd with inward Stings)
Here doth the righteous SUN ariſe
With healing Beams beneath his Wings.

Father! my Soul would ſtill abide
Within thy Temple, near thy Side;
But if my Feet muſt hence depart,
Still keep thy Dwelling in my Heart.

CXXIV. *Moſes, Aaron, and Joſhua.*

'TIS not the Law of Ten Commands,
On holy Sinai giv'n,
Or ſent to Men by Moſes' Hands,
Can bring us ſafe to Heav'n.

'Tis not the Blood which Aaron ſpilt,
Nor Smoke of ſweeteſt Smell,

Can buy a Pardon for our Guilt,
Or ſave our Souls from Hell.

3 Aaron the Prieſt reſigns his Breath,
At God's immediate Will;
And in the Deſert yields to Death
Upon th' appointed Hill.

4 And thus, on Jordan's yonder Side
The Tribes of Iſrael ſtand,
While Moſes bow'd his Head and dy'd,
Short of the promis'd Land.

5 Iſr'el rejoice, now Joshua * leads,
He'll bring your Tribes to Reſt;

CXXVI. God *glorified in the Gospel.*

THE Lord, descending from above,
Invites his Children near;
While Pow'r and Truth and boundless Love
Display their Glories here.

Here, in thy Gospel's wond'rous Frame,
Fresh Wisdom we pursue;
A thousand Angels learn thy Name,
Beyond whate'er they knew.

Thy Name is writ in fairest Lines,
Thy Wonders here we trace:
Wisdom thro' all the Mystry shines,
And shines in Jesus' Face.

The Law its best Obedience owes
To our incarnate God!
And thy revenging Justice shows
Its Honours in his Blood.

But still the Lustre of thy Grace
Our warmer Thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole Scene with brighter Rays,
And more exalts our Joys.

CXXVII. *Circumcision and Baptism.*

(Written only for those who practise the Baptism of Infants.)

THUS did the Sons of Abra'm pass
Under the bloody Seal of Grace;

The young Diſciples bore the Yoke,
Till CHRIST the painful Bondage broke

2 By milder Ways doth JESUS prove
His Father's Cov'nant, and his Love;
He ſeals to Saints his glorious Grace,
And not forbids their Infant-Race.

3 Their Seed is ſprinkled with his Blood,
Their Children ſet apart for GOD;
His Spirit on their Offspring ſhed,
Like Water pour'd upon the Head.

4 Let ev'ry Saint with chearful Voice

Great God! renew our ruin'd Frame;
Our broken Pow'rs reſtore:
Inſpire us with a heav'nly Flame,
And Fleſh ſhall reign no more.

Eternal Spirit! write thy Law
Upon our inward Parts,
And let the ſecond Adam draw
His Image on our Hearts.

CXXIX. *We walk by Faith, not by Sight.*

'TIS by the Faith of Joys to come
We walk thro' Deſerts dark as Night,
Till we arrive at Heav'n our Home:
Faith is our Guide, and Faith our Light.

The Want of Sight ſhe well ſupplies,
She makes the pearly Gates appear;
Far into diſtant Worlds ſhe pries,
And brings eternal Glories near.

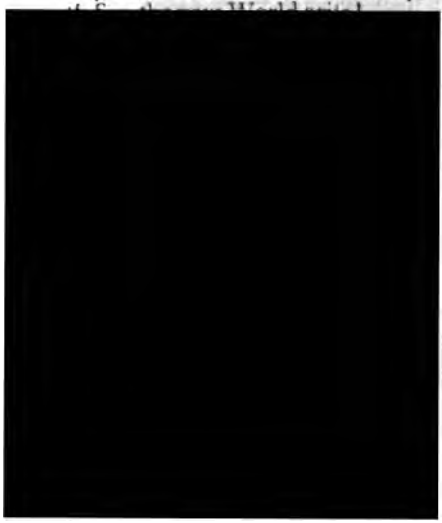
Chearful we tread the Deſert thro',
While Faith inſpires a heav'nly Ray,
Tho' Lions roar, and Tempeſts blow,
And Rocks and Dangers fill the Way.

So Abra'm, by divine Command,
Left his own Houſe to walk with God;
His *Faith beheld* the promis'd Land,
And fir'd his Zeal along the Road.

CXXX. *The New Creation.*

1 ATtend while God's exalted Son
Doth his own Glories ſhew:
" Behold I ſit upon my Throne,
" Creating all Things new.

2 " Nature and Sin are paſs'd away,
" And the old Adam dies;
" My Hands a new Foundation lay,



CXXXI. *The Excellency of the Chriſtian Religion.*

LET everlaſting Glories crown
Thy Head, my Saviour and my LORD;
Thy Hands have brought Salvation down,
And writ the Bleſſings in thy Word.

What if we trace the Globe around,
And ſearch from Britain to Japan,
There ſhall be no Religion found
So juſt to GOD, ſo ſafe to Man.]

In vain the trembling Conſcience ſeeks
Some ſolid Ground to reſt upon;
With long Deſpair the Spirit breaks,
Till we apply to CHRIST alone.

How well thy bleſſed Truths agree!
How wiſe and holy thy Commands!
Thy Promiſes, how firm they be!
How firm our Hope and Comfort ſtands!

Not the feign'd Fields of Heath'niſh Bliſs
Could raiſe ſuch Pleaſure in the Mind;
Nor does the Turkiſh Paradiſe
Pretend to Joys, ſo well refin'd.]

Should all the Forms that Men deviſe,
Aſſault my Faith with treach'rous Art,
I'd call them Vanity and Lies,
And bind the Goſpel to my Heart.



2 We rev'rence our HIGH PRIEST
Who offer'd up his Blood,
And lives to carry on his Love,
By pleading with our GOD.

3 We honour our exalted KING;
How ſweet are his Command
He guards our Souls from Hell a
By his Almighty Hands.

4 Hoſanna to his glorious Name,
Who ſaves by diff'rent Ways
His Mercies lay a ſov'reign Clai
To our immortal Praiſe.

CXXXIII. *The Operations of the*

Thy Pow'r and Glory work within,
And break the Chains of reigning Sin;
Do our imperious Luſts ſubdue,
And form our wretched Hearts anew.

The troubled Conſcience knows thy Voice;
Thy chearing Words awake our Joys;
Thy Words allay the ſtormy Wind,
And calm the Surges of the Mind.

CXXXIV. *Circumciſion aboliſhed.*

THE Promiſe was divinely free;
Extenſive was the Grace;
I will the God of Abra'm be,
"And of his num'rous Race."

He ſaid, and with a bloody Seal
Confirm'd the Words he ſpoke;
Long did the Sons of Abra'm feel
The ſharp and painful Yoke.

Till God's own Son, deſcending low,
Gave his own Fleſh to bleed;
And Gentiles taſte the Bleſſings now,
From the hard Bondage freed.

O God of Abra'm claims our Praiſe;
His Promiſes endure:
And CHRIST the LORD, in gentler Ways
Makes the Salvation ſure.



Behold the Prop
To give him the

2 Abra'm, the Sai
When Viſions of
Moſes, the Man o
This great Fulfille

3 The Types bore V
Obtain'd their chie
The Incenſe, and t
The Ark, the Altar,

4 Predictions in abun
To join their Bleſſin
Jesus, we worſhip
And Nations own t



An unknown Star aroſe, and led
The Eaſtern Sages to his Feet.

Simeon and Anna both conſpire
The Infant Saviour to proclaim;
Inward they felt the ſacred Fire,
And bleſs'd the Babe, and own'd his Name.

Let Jews and Greeks blaſpheme aloud,
And treat the holy Child with ſcorn;
Our Souls adore th' eternal GOD,
Who condeſcended to be born.

CXXXVII. *Miracles in the Life, Death, and Reſurrection of* CHRIST.

BEhold the Blind their Sight receive!
Behold, the Dead awake and live!
The Dumb ſpeak Wonders, and the Lame
Leap like the Hart, and bleſs his Name.

2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
And ſeal the Miſſion of his Son;
The Father vindicates his Cauſe,
While He hangs bleeding on the Croſs.

3 He dies: the Heav'ns in Mourning ſtood;
He riſes, and appears a GOD:
Behold the LORD aſcending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die!

4 Hence and for ever from my Heart
I bid my Doubts and Fears depart;
And to thoſe Hands my Soul reſign
Which bear Credentials ſo divine.

CXXXVIII. *The Power of the*

1 THIS is the Word of Truth a
Sent to the Nations from al
JEHOVAH here reſolves to ſhew
What his Almighty Grace can do

2 This Remedy did Wiſdom find,
To heal Diſeaſes of the Mind;
This ſov'reign Balm, whoſe Virtu
Reſtore the ruin'd Creature, Man

3 The Goſpel bids the Dead revive
Sinners obey the Voice, and live
Dry Bones are rais'd and cloth'd a
And Hearts of Stone are turn'd to

[4 Where Satan reign'd in Shades of
The Goſpel ſtrikes a heav'nly Lig
Our Luſts, its wond'rous Pow'r co
And calms the Rage of angry Soul

[5 Lions and Beaſts of ſavage Name
Put on the Nature of the Lamb;
While the wide World eſteems it
Gaze, and admire, and hate the Ch

6 May but this Grace my Soul renew
Let Sinners gaze, and hate me too;
The Word that ſaves me does engag
A ſure Defence from all their Rage.



CXXXIX. *The Example of* CHRIST.

MY dear Redeemer, and my LORD!
I read my Duty in thy Word;
But in thy Life the Law appears
Drawn out in living Characters.

Such was thy Truth, and such thy Zeal,
Such Def'rence to thy Father's Will,
Such Love, and Meekneſs ſo divine,
I would tranſcribe, and make them mine.

Cold Mountains, and the Midnight Air,
Witneſs'd the Fervor of thy Pray'r;
The Deſert thy Temptations knew,
Thy Conflict and thy Victʼry too.

Be thou my Pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious Image here;
Then GOD the Judge ſhall own my Name
Amongſt the Followers of the Lamb.

CXL. *The Examples of* CHRIST *and the Saints.*

GIVE me the Wings of Faith, to riſe
Within the Veil, and ſee
The Saints above, how great their Joys,
How bright their Glories be.

Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their Couch with Tears;
They wreſtled hard, as we do now,
With Sins, and Doubts, and Fears.



And following their incar
Poſſeſs the promis'd Re

5 Our glorious Leader clair
For his own Pattern gi
While the long Cloud of
Shew the ſame Path to

CXLI. *Faith aſſiſted by S*
Baptiſm, and the Lo

1 MY Saviour-God, m
Reigns far above t
But brings his Graces do

4 But not the Waters of a Flood
Can make my Fleſh ſo clean,
As by his Spirit and his Blood
He'll waſh my Soul from Sin.

5 Not choiceſt Meats, or nobleſt Wines
So much my Heart refreſh,
As when my Faith goes thro' the Signs,
And feeds upon his Fleſh.

6 I love the LORD, that ſtoops ſo low
To give his Word a Seal:
But the rich Grace his Hands beſtow
Exceeds the Figures ſtill.

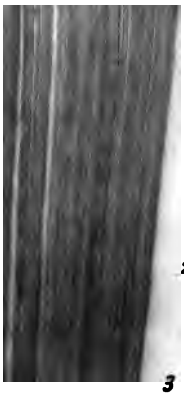
CXLII. *Faith in* CHRIST *our Sacrifice.*

1 NOT all the Blood of Beaſts,
On Jewiſh Altars ſlain,
Could give the guilty Conſcience Peace,
Or waſh away the Stain.

2 But CHRIST the heav'nly Lamb
Takes all our Sins away;
A Sacrifice of nobler Name,
And richer Blood than they.

3 My Faith would lay her Hand
On that dear Head of thine;
While like a Penitent I ſtand,
And there confeſs my Sin.

4 *My Soul* looks back to ſee
The Burdens thou didſt bear,



And ſing his

CXLIII.

1 WHAT diff'r
Attend our
I hate the Thought
And do the Wo

2 Now I complain, an
While Sin and Sa
Now raiſe my Songs
For Grace prevails

3 So D[illegible]

CXLIV. *The Effuſion of the* SPIRIT: or, *The Succeſs of the Goſpel.*

GReat was the Day, the Joy was great,
When the divine Diſciples met:
Whilſt on their Heads the SPIRIT came
And ſat like Tongues of cloven Flame.

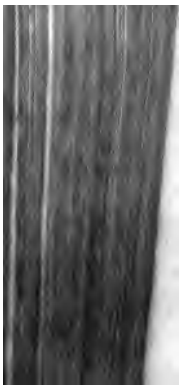
What Gifts, what Miracles he gave!
And Pow'r to kill, and Pow'r to ſave!
Furniſh'd their Tongues with wondrous Words,
Inſtead of Shields, and Spears, and Swords.

Thus arm'd, he ſent the Champions forth,
From Eaſt to Weſt, from South to North:
Go, and aſſert your Saviour's Cauſe;
Go, ſpread the Myſt'ry of his Croſs."

Theſe Weapons of the holy War,
If what Almighty force they are
To make our ſtubborn Paſſions bow
And lay the proudeſt Rebel low!

Nations, the Learned and the Rude,
Are by theſe heav'nly Arms ſubdu'd;
While Satan rages at his Loſs,
And hates the Doctrine of the Croſs.

Great King of Grace! my Heart ſubdue;
I would be led in Triumph too,
A willing Captive to my LORD,
And ſing the Victories of his Word.



And long to meet
Without a Glaſs

2 O, that the happy
To change my Fa
I ſhall behold my L
In a diviner Light

3 Haſte, my Beloved,
Theſe interpoſing
Then ſhall my Paſſio
And all my Pow'rs

CXLVI. *The Vani*
No Reſt on

tis a poor Relief we gain
ange the Place, but keep the Pain.

GOD! ſubdue this vicious Thirſt,
Love to Vanity and Duſt;
the vile Fever of the Mind,
feed our Souls with Joys refin'd.

VII. *The Creation of the World*, Gen. i.

NOW let a ſpacious World ariſe,"
Said the Creator-LORD:
ıce th' obedient Earth and Skies
ıſe at his ſov'reign Word.

k was the Deep; the Waters lay
ınſus'd, and drown'd the Land:
all'd the Light; The new-born Day
tends on his Command.

ıids the Clouds aſcend on High;
ıe Clouds aſcend, and bear
at'ry Treaſure to the Sky,
ıd float on ſofter Air.

liquid Element below
'as gather'd by his Hand;
rolling Seas together flow,
nd leave the ſolid Land.

h. Herbs, and Plants, (a flow'ry Birth,)
he naked Globe he crown'd,
there was Rain to bleſs the Earth,
Sun to warm the Ground.

6 Then he adorn'd the upper Skies;
Behold the Sun appears,
The Moon and Stars in order riſe,
To mark out Months and Years.

7 Out of the Deep th' Almighty King
Did vital Beings frame,
The painted Fowls of ev'ry Wing,
And Fiſh of ev'ry Name.

8 He gave the Lion and the Worm
At once their wondrous Birth,
And grazing Beaſts of various Form,
Roſe from the teeming Earth.

9 Adam was fram'd of equal Clay,
Tho' Sov'reign of the Reſt;
Deſign'd for nobler Ends than they,
With GOD's own Image bleſs'd.

10 Thus glorious in the Maker's Eye
The young Creation ſtood;
He ſaw the Building from on High,
His Word pronounc'd it Good.

11 LORD, while the Frame of Nature ſtands,
Thy Praiſe ſhall fill my Tongue:
But the new World of Grace demands
A more exalted Song.

CXLVIII. GOD *reconciled in* CHRIST.

1 DEareſt of all the Names above,
My JESUS, and my GOD,
Who can reſiſt thy heav'nly Love,
Or trifle with thy Blood?

is by the Merits of thy Death
The Father ſmiles again;
is by thy interceding Breath
The Spirit dwells with Men.

ll God in human Fleſh I ſee,
My Thoughts no Comfort find;
ne holy, juſt, and ſacred Three,
Are Terrors to my Mind.

ut if IMMANUEL's Face appear,
My Hope, my Joy begins:
is Name forbids my ſlaviſh Fear,
His Grace removes my Sins.

/hile Jews on their own Law rely,
And Greeks of Wiſdom boaſt,
love th' incarnate Myſtery,
And there I fix my Truſt.

CXLIX. *Honour to Magiſtrates: or, Government from* GOD.

ETernal Sov'reign of the Sky,
And LORD of all below,
/e Mortals, to thy Majeſty
Our firſt Obedience owe.

ur Souls adore thy Throne ſupreme,
And bleſs thy Providence
or Magiſtrates of meaner Name,
Our Glory and Defence.

The Crowns of Britiſh Princes ſhine
With Rays above the reſt,



5 Let Cæſar's Due be ever pai
To Cæſar and his Throne
But Conſciences and Souls w
To be the LORD's alone.

CL. *The Deceitfulneſs*

1 SIN has a thouſand treach'r
To practiſe on the Mind
With flatt'ring Looks ſhe ten
But leaves a Sting behind.

2 With Names of Virtue ſhe d
The Aged and the Young
And while the heedleſs Wret
She makes his Fetters ſtro

CLI. *Prophecy and Inſpiration.*

'TWAS by an Order from the LORD,
The ancient Prophets ſpoke his Word;
His Spirit did their Tongues inſpire,
And warm'd their Hearts with heav'nly Fire.

The Works and Wonders which they wrought,
Confirm'd the Meſſages they brought;
The Prophet's Pen ſucceeds his Breath,
To ſave the holy Words from Death.

Great GOD! mine Eyes with Pleaſure look
On the dear Volume of thy Book;
There my Redeemer's Face I ſee,
And read his Name who dy'd for me.

Let the falſe Raptures of the Mind
Be loſt, and vaniſh in the Wind:
Here I can fix my Hope ſecure;
This is thy Word, and muſt endure.

CLII. *Sinai and Sion*, Heb. xii. 18, &c.

NOT to the Terrors of the LORD,
The Tempeſt, Fire, and Smoke;
Not to the Thunder of that Word
Which GOD on Sinai ſpoke;

But we are come to Sion's Hill,
The City of our GOD,



4 Behold the bleſs'd Aſſembly
Whoſe Names are writ in
And God, the Judge of All
Their vileſt Sins forgiv'n.

5 The Saints, on Earth, and al
But one Communion mak
All join in Christ their livi
And of his Grace partake.

6 In ſuch Society as this
My weary Soul would reſ
The Man that dwells where
Muſt be for ever bleſs'd.

CLIII. *The Diſtemper, Folly.*

Madneſs by Nature reigns within,
The Paſſions burn and rage;
Till God's own Son with Skill divine
The inward Fire aſſuage.

4 We lick the Duſt, we graſp the Wind,
And ſolid Good deſpiſe:
Such is the Folly of the Mind,
Till Jesus makes us wiſe.

5 We give our Souls the Wounds they feel,
We drink the pois'nous Gall,
And ruſh with Fury down to Hell;
But Heav'n prevents the Fall.]

[6 The Man poſſeſs'd among the Tombs,
Cuts his own Fleſh and cries:
He foams and raves till Jesus comes,
And the foul Spirit flies.]

CLIV. *Self-Righteouſneſs inſufficient.*

1 "WHERE are the Mourners *, [Lord, ſaith the
"That wait and tremble at my Word?
"That walk in Darkneſs all the Day?
"Come, make my Name your Truſt and Stay.

[2 "No Works nor Duties of your own
"Can for the ſmalleſt Sin atone;
"† The Robes that Nature may provide,
"Will not your leaſt Pollutions hide.

* *Iſa. l. 10, 11.* † Iſa. xxviii. 20.



" walk in the Light of your
" Enjoy the Sparks that ye d
" This is your Portion at my l
" Hell waits you with her Ir
" Ye ſhall lie down in Sorro
" In Death, in Darkneſs, and

CLV. CHRIST *our P*

1 LO, the deſtroying Angel fl
To Pharaoh's ſtubborn L
The Pride and Flow'r of Egyp
By his vindictive Hand.

2 He paſs'd the Tents of Jacob o'

ce no longer would purſue
This guilty Soul of mine.

sus our Paſſover was ſlain,
And has at once procur'd
eedom from Satan's heavy Chain,
And God's avenging Sword.

VI. *Preſumption and Deſpair:* or, *Satan various Temptations.*

Hate the Tempter and his Charms,
I hate his flatt'ring Breath;
he Serpent takes a thouſand Forms
To cheat our Souls to Death.

e feeds our Hopes with airy Dreams,
Or kills with ſlaviſh Fear;
nd holds us ſtill in wide Extremes,
Preſumption, or Deſpair.

ow he perſuades, "how eaſy 'tis
"To walk the Road to Heav'n;"
non he ſwells our Sins, and cries,
"They cannot be forgiv'n."

Ie bids young Sinners, "yet forbear
"To think of God or Death;
For Prayer and Devotion are
"But melancholy Breath."

e tells the Aged, "they muſt die;
"And 'tis too late to pray;
In vain for Mercy now they cry,
"*For they* have loſt their Day."



Let him in Darkneſs dw
And, that he vex the Earth
Confine him down to H

CLVII. *The fi*

1 NOW Satan comes with
And threatens to deſt
He worries whom he can't
With a malicious Joy.

2 Ye Sons of GOD, oppoſe his
Reſiſt and he'll be gone;
Thus did our deareſt LORD
And vanquiſh him alone.

CLVIII. *Few ſaved:* or, *The almoſt Chriſtian the Hypocrite, and Apoſtate.*

BRoad is the Road that leads to Death,
And thouſands walk together there;
But Wiſdom ſhews a narrower Path,
With here and there a Traveller.

"Deny thyſelf, and take thy Croſs;"
Is the Redeemer's great Command!
Nature muſt count her Gold but Droſs,
If ſhe would gain this heav'nly Land.

The fearful Soul, that tires and faints,
And walks the Ways of GOD no more,
Is but eſteem'd almoſt a Saint,
And makes his own Deſtruction ſure.

LORD, let not all my Hopes be vain;
Create my Heart entirely new;
Which Hypocrites could ne'er attain:
Which falſe Apoſtates never knew.

CLIX. *An unconverted State:* or, *Converting Grace.*

GReat King of Glory and of Grace!
We own, with humble Shame,
How vile is our degenerate Race,
And our firſt Father's Name.



Engag'd in the old
Againſt our Mak
4 We live eſtrang'd a
And love the Dif
With haſte we run t
That leads to Dea
5 And can ſuch Rebels
Such Natures mad
Let Sinners ſee thy G
And feel this Pow'r
6 We raiſe our Father's
Who his own Spiri
To bring rebellious St
And turn his Foes to

The Dead as well may leave their Graves,
As old Tranſgreſſors ceaſe to ſin.

Where Vice has held its Empire long,
'Twill not endure the leaſt Controul;
None but a Pow'r divinely ſtrong
Can turn the Current of the Soul.

Great GOD! I own thy Pow'r divine,
That works to change this Heart of mine;
I would be form'd anew, and bleſs
The Wonders of creating Grace.

CLXI. *Chriſtian Virtues:* or, *The Difficulty of Converſion.*

STrait is the Way, the Door is ſtrait
That leads to Joys on High;
'Tis but a few that find the Gate,
While Crowds miſtake and die.

Beloved Self muſt be deny'd,
The Mind and Will renew'd,
Paſſion ſuppreſs'd, and Patience try'd,
And vain Deſires ſubdu'd.

Fleſh is a dang'rous Foe to Grace,
Where it prevails and rules;
Fleſh muſt be humbled, Pride abas'd,
Leſt they deſtroy our Souls.

The Love of Gold be baniſh'd hence,
(That vile Idolatry)
And ev'ry Member, ev'ry Senſe,
In ſweet Subjection lie.



. ruin'd a Task so h
Thy Grace must all
And give the free

CLXII. *The Medi*
The Joy

1 MY Thoughts furn
And look with
There Springs of endl
The Waters never f

2 There I behold with fw
The blessed Three in
And strong Affections f
On GOD's incarnate S

Where I for ever hope to dwell
Near my Redeemer's Face.

LXIII. *Complaint of Deſertion and Temptation.*

DEAR LORD! behold our ſore Diſtreſs,
Our Sins attempt to reign;
Stretch out thine Arm of conqu'ring Grace,
And let thy Foes be ſlain.

The Lion with his dreadful Roar
Affrights thy feeble Sheep:
Reveal the Glory of thy Pow'r,
And chain him to the Deep.

Muſt we indulge a long Deſpair?
Shall our Petitions die?
Our Mournings never reach thine Ear,
Nor Tears affect thine Eye?

If thou deſpiſe a mortal Groan,
Yet hear a Saviour's Blood;
An Advocate ſo near the Throne
Pleads and prevails with GOD.

He brought the Spirit's pow'rful Sword
To ſlay our deadly Foes:
Our Sins ſhall die beneath thy Word,
And Hell in vain oppoſe.

How boundleſs is our Father's Grace,
In Height, and Depth, and Length!
He made his Son our Righteouſneſs,
His Spirit is our Strength.

CLXIV. *The End of the World.*

1 WHY ſhould this Earth delight us ſo?
Why ſhould we fix our Eyes
On theſe low Grounds, where Sorrows grow,
And ev'ry Pleaſure dies?

2 While Time his ſharpeſt Teeth prepares
Our Comforts to devour,
There is a Land above the Stars,
And Joys above his Pow'r.

3 Nature ſhall be diſſolv'd and die,
The Sun muſt end his Race,
The Earth and Sea for ever fly
Before my Saviour's Face.

4 When will that glorious Morning riſe?
When the laſt Trumpet Sound
And call the Nations to the Skies
From underneath the Ground?

CLXV. *Unfruitfulneſs, Ignorance, and unſanctified Affections.*

1 LONG have I ſat beneath the Sound
Of thy Salvation, LORD;
But ſtill how weak my Faith is found,
And Knowledge of thy Word?

2 Oft I frequent thy holy Place,
And hear almoſt in vain;
How ſmall a Portion of thy Grace
My Mem'ry can retain?

My dear Almighty, and my God,
How little art thou known
By all the Judgments of thy Rod,
And Bleſſings of thy Throne!]

How cold and feeble is my Love!
How negligent my Fear!
How low my Hope of Joys above!
How few Affections there!]

Great God! thy ſov'reign Pow'r impart
To give thy Word Succeſs;
Write thy Salvation in my Heart,
And make me learn thy Grace.

Shew my forgetful Feet the Way
That leads to Joys on High;
There Knowledge grows without Decay,
And Love ſhall never die.]

CLXVI. *The Divine Perfections.*

HOW ſhall I praiſe th' Eternal God,
That infinite Unknown?
Who can aſcend his high Abode,
Or venture near his Throne?

The great Inviſible! He dwells
Conceal'd in dazzling Light;
But his all-ſearching Eye reveals
The Secrets of the Night.



To save, or to de
Infinite Years his Life
And endleſs is his

[5 He knows no Shado
Nor alters his Decre
Firm as a Rock his Tru
To guard his Promil

[6 Sinners before his Preſ
How holy is his Nar
His Anger, and his Jealo
Burn like devouring F

7 Juſtice upon a dreadful T
Maintains the Rights o
While Mercy ſends her

CLXVII. *The Divine Perfections.*

GReat God! thy Glories ſhall employ
My holy Fear, my humble Joy;
My Lips in Songs of Honour bring
Their Tribute to th' eternal King.

Earth, and the Stars, and Worlds unknown,
Depend precarious on his Throne;
All Nature hangs upon his Word,
And Grace and Glory own the Lord.]

His ſov'reign Pow'r what Mortal knows?
If he commands, who dare oppoſe?
With Strength he girds himſelf around,
And treads the Rebels to the Ground.]

Who ſhall pretend to teach him Skill,
Or guide the Counſels of his Will?
His Wiſdom, like a Sea divine,
Flows deep and high, beyond our Line.]

His Name is holy, and his Eye
Burns with immortal Jealouſy;
He hates the Sons of Pride, and ſheds
His fiery Veng'ance on their Heads.]

The Beamings of his piercing Sight
Bring dark Hypocriſy to Light;
Death and Deſtruction naked lie,
And Hell uncover'd to his Eye.]

Th' eternal Law before him ſtands,
His Juſtice with impartial Hands



[9 Each of his Words demand
My Soul can reſt on all he ſ
His Truth inviolably keeps
The largeſt Promiſe of his Li
10 O, tell me with a gentle Vo
"Thou art my God," and I'l
Fill'd with thy Love, I dare
The brighteſt Honours of thy

CLXVIII. *The ſa*

1 JEHOVAH reigns, his Thr
His Robes are Light and M
His Glory ſhines with Beams
No Mortal can ſuſtain the Sig
2 His T

ıen let my Songs with Angels join;
eav'n is ſecure, if GOD be mine.

LXIX. *The ſame; as the* cxlviiith Pſalm.

THE LORD JEHOVAH reigns,
His Throne is built on High;
he Garments he aſſumes
re Light and Majeſty;
His Glories ſhine
With Beams ſo bright,
No mortal Eye
Can bear the Sight.

he Thunders of his Hand
eep the wide World in Awe;
is Wrath and Juſtice ſtand
o guard his holy Law;
And where his Love
Reſolves to bleſs,
His Truth confirms
And ſeals the Grace.

hro' all his ancient Works
ırpriſing Wiſdom ſhines,
onfounds the Pow'rs of Hell,
.nd breaks their curs'd Deſigns;
Strong is his Arm,
And ſhall fulfil
His great Decrees,
His ſov'reign Will.

nd can this mighty King
f *Glory* condeſcend?

[1 * CAN Creatures to Perfection
Th' eternal, uncreated Mi
Or can the largeſt Stretch of Tho
Meaſure and ſearch his Nature out

2 'Tis high as Heav'n, 'tis deep as H
And what can Mortals know or tel
His Glory ſpreads beyond the Sky,
And all the ſhining Worlds on Hig

3 But Man, vain Man, would fain be
Born like a wild young Colt, he fli
Thro' all the Follies of his Mind,
And ſmells and ſnuffs the empty Wi

4 God is a King of Pow'r and

* He frowns, and Darkneſs veils the Moon;
The fainting Sun grows dim at Noon:
† The Pillars of Heav'n's ſtarry Roof
Tremble and ſtart at his Reproof.

He gave the vaulted Heav'n its Form,
The crooked Serpent, and the Worm;
He breaks the Billows with his Breath,
And ſmites the Sons of Pride to Death.

Theſe are a Portion of his Ways;
But who ſhall dare deſcribe his Face?
Who can endure his Light, or ſtand
To hear the Thunders of his Hand?

* Job xxv. 5. † Job xxvi. 11, &c.

The END of the SECOND BOOK.

AND

SPIRITUAL S(

BOOK I

Prepared for the holy Ordi
LORD'S-SUPPER.

fore the mournful Scene began,
took the Bread, and bleſs'd, and brake;
hat love thro' all his Actions ran!
hat wondrous Words of Grace he ſpake!

This is my Body, broke for Sin;
Receive and eat the living Food:"
ien took the Cup and bleſs'd the Wine;
'Tis the new Cov'nant in my Blood."

or us, his Fleſh with Nails was torn,
e bore the Scourge, he felt the Thorn:
nd Juſtice pour'd upon his Head
s heavy Veng'ance in our Stead.

or us, his vital Blood was ſpilt,
o buy the Pardon of our Guilt;
hen, for black Crimes of biggeſt Size,
e gave his Soul a Sacrifice.]

Do this, (he cry'd,) 'till Time ſhall end,
In Mem'ry of your dying Friend;
Meet at my Table, and record
The Love of your departed LORD."

[ESUS! thy Feaſt we celebrate,
/e ſhew thy Death, we ſing thy Name,
ill thou return, and we ſhall eat
he Marriage-Supper of the Lamb.]



J To mee
Here pardon'd R
Communion

2 For Food he
He bids us dr
Amazing Favour,
Of our defcen

3 This holy Bre
Maintains our
By Union with our
And Int'reſt i

4 Our heav'nly F
CHRIST and his
We the young Child

The New Teſtament in the Blood of CHRIST; or, *The New Covenant ſealed*

THE Promiſe of my Father's Love
"Shall ſtand for ever good:"
He ſaid, and gave his Soul to Death,
And ſeal'd the Grace with Blood.

To this dear Cov'nant of thy Word
I ſet my worthleſs Name;
Seal th' Engagement to my LORD,
And make my humble Claim.

The Light, and Strength, and pard'ning Grace,
And Glory, ſhall be mine;
My Life and Soul, my Heart and Fleſh,
And all my Pow'rs are thine.

I call that Legacy my own
Which JESUS did bequeath;
Twas purchas'd with a dying Groan,
And ratify'd in Death.

Sweet is the Mem'ry of his Name,
Who bleſs'd us in his Will,
And to his Teſtament of Love
Made his own Life the Seal.

IV. CHRIST's *dying Love:* or, *Our Pardon bought at a dear Price.*

HOW condeſcending and how kind
Was GOD's Eternal Son!

Our Mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly Mi
And Pity brought him down.

[2 When Juſtice, by our Sins provok
Drew forth his dreadful Sword,
He gave his Soul up to the Stroke,
Without a murm'ring Word.]

[3 He ſunk beneath our heavy Woes,
To raiſe us to his Throne:
There's ne'er a Gift his Hand beſtow
But coſt his Heart a Groan.]

4 This was Compaſſion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The Price of Pardon was his Blood,
His Pity ne'er withdrew.

5 Now tho' he reigns exalted high,
His Love is ſtill as great;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor let his Saints forget.

[6 Here we behold his Bowels roll,
As kind as when he dy'd,
And ſee the Sorrows of his Soul
Bleed thro' his wounded Side.]

[7 Here we receive repeated Seals
Of Jesus' dying Love;
Hard is the Wretch that never feels
One ſoft Affection move.]

8 Here let our Hearts begin to melt,
While we his Death record,
And, with our Joy for pardon'd Gu
Mourn that we pierc'd the L

VII. *Crucifixion to the World, by the Croſs of* CHRIST, Gal. vi. 14.

WHEN I ſurvey the wondrous Croſs
On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,
My richeſt Gain I count but Loſs,
And pour Contempt on all my Pride.

Forbid it, LORD, that I ſhould boaſt,
Save in the Death of CHRIST my GOD;
All the vain Things that charm me moſt,
I ſacrifice them to his Blood.

See from his Head, his Hands, his Feet,
Sorrow and Love flow mingled down!
Did e'er ſuch Love and Sorrow meet,
Or Thorns compoſe ſo rich a Crown?

His dying Crimſon, like a Robe,
Spreads o'er his Body on the Tree;
Then am I dead to all the Globe,
And all the Globe is dead to me.

Were the whole Realm of Nature mine,
That were a Preſent far too ſmall;
Love ſo amazing, ſo divine,
Demands my Soul, my Life, my All.

VIII. *The Tree of Life.*

COME, let us join a joyful Tune
To our exalted LORD,

And carnal Objects court our Ey
To thrust our Saviour from our

2 He knows what wand'ring Hea
Apt to forget his lovely Face;
And to refresh our Minds he ga
These kind Memorials of his G



3 The Lord of Life this Table sp
With his own Flesh and dying
We on the rich Provision feed,
And taste the Wine, and bless t

4 Let sinful Sweets be all forgot,
And Earth grow less in our Es
Christ and his Love fill ev'ry
And Faith and Hope be fix'd
absent from our S

II. *Crucifixion to the World, by the Cross of* CHRIST. Gal. vi. 14.

WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,
My richest Gain I count but Loss,
And pour Contempt on all my Pride.

Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast,
Save in the Death of CHRIST my GOD;
All the vain Things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his Blood.

See from his Head, his Hands, his Feet,
Sorrow and Love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such Love and Sorrow meet,
Or Thorns compose so rich a Crown?

His dying Crimson, like a Robe,
Spreads o'er his Body on the Tree;
Then am I dead to all the Globe,
And all the Globe is dead to me.

Were the whole Realm of Nature mine,
That were a Present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my Soul, my Life, my All.

VIII. *The Tree of Life.*

COME, let us join a joyful Tune
To our exalted LORD;



3 The Tree of Life, that ne
In Heav'ns high Garde
Laden with Grace bends
Its over-smiling Boughs
4 Hov'ring amongſt the Le
The ſweet celeſtial Dove
And JESUS on the Branch
The Banner of his Love.
5 'Tis a young Heav'n of ſtra
While in his Shade we ſi
His Fruit is pleaſing to the S
And to the Taſte as ſweet.
6 New Life it ſpreads thro' thy
And cheers the drooping
Vigour and Joy thro' I

X. *The Spirit, the Water, and the Blood,*
1 John v. 6.

LET all our Tongues be one
To praiſe our GOD on High,
› from his Boſom ſent his Son
To fetch us Strangers nigh.

Nor let our Voices ceaſe
To ſing the Saviour's Name;
s, th' Ambaſſador of Peace,
How cheerfully he came.

It coſt him Cries and Tears
To bring us near to GOD;
it was our Debt, and he appears
To make the Payment good.

My Saviour's pierced Side
Pour'd out a double Flood;
Water we are purify'd,
And pardon'd by the Blood.

Infinite was our Guilt,
But he, our Prieſt, atones;
he cold Ground his Life was ſpilt,
And offer'd with his Groans.

Look up, my Soul, to him,
Whoſe Death was thy Deſert;
humbly view the living Stream
Flow from his breaking Heart.

There on the curſed Tree
In *dying* Pangs he lies;

Fulfils his Father's great Decree,
And all our Wants supplies.

8 Thus the Redeemer came,
By Water and by Blood;
And when the Spirit speaks the same,
We feel his Witness good.

9 While the Eternal Three
Bear their Record above,
Here I believe he dy'd for me,
And seal my Saviour's Love.

[10 Lord, cleanse my Soul from Sin;
Nor let thy Grace depart;



Here I behold his inmoſt Heart,
Where Grace and Vengeance ſtrangely join,
Piercing his Son with ſharpeſt Smart,
To make the purchaſ'd Pleaſures mine.

O! the ſweet Wonders of that Croſs,
Where God the Saviour lov'd and dy'd!
Her nobleſt Life my Spirit draws
From his dear Wounds and bleeding Side.

I would for ever ſpeak his Name,
In Sounds to mortal Ears unknown;
With Angels join to praiſe the Lamb,
And worſhip at his Father's Throne.

XI. *Pardon brought to our Senſes.*

LORD, how divine thy Comforts are!
How heav'nly is the Place
Where JESUS ſpreads the ſacred Feaſt
Of his redeeming Grace!

There the rich Bounties of our GOD,
And ſweeteſt Glories ſhine;
There JESUS ſays, that "I am his,
"And my Beloved's mine."

"Here," (ſays the kind redeeming LORD,
And ſhews his wounded Side)
"See here the Spring of all your Joys,
"That open'd when I dy'd!"

He ſmiles, and cheers my mournful Heart,
And tells of all his Pain:

Be ſounded all abroad;
Such Favours are beyond Degree:
And worthy of a GOD.]

[7 To him that waſh'd us in his Bl
Be everlaſting Praiſe,
Salvation, Honour, Glory, Pow
Eternal as his Days.]



XII. *The Goſpel Feaſt*, Luke xi

[1 HOw rich are thy Proviſion
Thy Table furniſh'd fron
The Fruits of Life o'erſpread th
The Cup o'erflows with heav'n
Thine ancient Family, the Jew

From the Highway that leads to Hell,
From Paths of Darkneſs and Deſpair,
LORD, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy Preſence here.

What ſhall we pay th' Eternal Son,
That left the Heav'n of his Abode,
And to this wretched Earth came down,
To bring us Wand'rers back to GOD?
It coſt him Death to ſave our Lives;
To buy our Souls it coſt his own;
And all the unknown Joys he gives,
Were bought with Agonies unknown.
Our everlaſting Love is due
To him that ranſom'd Sinners loſt;
And pity'd Rebels, when he knew
The vaſt Expence his Love would coſt.

XIII. *Divine Love making a Feaſt, and calling in the Gueſts*, Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23.

HOW ſweet and awful is the Place
With CHRIST within the Doors,
While everlaſting Love diſplays
The choiceſt of her Stores!
Here ev'ry Bowel of our GOD
With ſoft Compaſſion rolls;
Here Peace and Pardon, bought with Blood,
Is Food for dying Souls.
While all our Hearts and all our Songs
Join to admire the Feaſt;



5 'Twas the ſame Love that ſpi
That ſweetly forc'd us in;
Elſe we had ſtill refus'd to t
And periſh'd in our Sin.

6 Pity the Nations, O our G
Conſtrain the Earth to con
Send thy victorious Word al
And bring the Strangers h

7 We long to ſee thy Churches
That all the choſen Race
May with one Voice, and He
Sing thy Redeeming Grace.

XIV. *The Song of Simeon.* Lu

3 Here we have ſeen thy Face, O LORD,
And view'd Salvation with our Eyes,
Taſted and felt the living Word,
The Bread deſcending from the Skies.

4 Thou haſt prepar'd this dying Lamb,
Haſt ſet his Blood before our Face,
To teach the Terrors of thy Name,
And ſhew the Wonders of thy Grace.

He is our Light; our Morning-Star
Shall ſhine on Nations yet unknown;
The Glory of thine Iſrael here,
And Joy of Spirits near thy Throne.

XV. *Our* LORD JESUS *at his own Table.*

THE Memory of our dying LORD,
Awakes a thankful Tongue:
How rich he ſpread his Royal Board,
And bleſs'd the Food, and ſung

Happy the Men that eat this Bread;
But doubly bleſs'd was he
That gently bow'd his loving Head,
And lean'd it, LORD, on thee.

By Faith the ſame Delights we taſte
As that great Fav'rite did,
And ſit and lean on JESUS' Breaſt,
And take the heav'nly Bread.

Down from the Palace of the Skies,
Hither the King deſcends;

For ſuch a Feaſt below:
And yet he feeds his Saints above
With nobler Bleſſings too.

7 Come, the dear Day, the glorious
That brings our Souls to Reſt!
Then we ſhall need theſe Types
But dwell at th' heav'nly Feaſt



XVI. *The Agonies of* CHRIST

1 NOW let our Pains be all for
Our Hearts no more repine
Our Suff'rings are not worth a T
When, LORD, compar'd with

2 In lively Figures here we ſee
The bleeding Prince of Love

And the large Load of all our Guilt
Lay heavy on him too.

But the Divinity within
Supported him to bear:
Dying he conquer'd Hell and Sin,
And made his Triumph there.

Grace, Wisdom, Justice join'd, and wrought,
The Wonders of that Day:
No mortal Tongue, nor mortal Thought
Can equal Thanks repay.

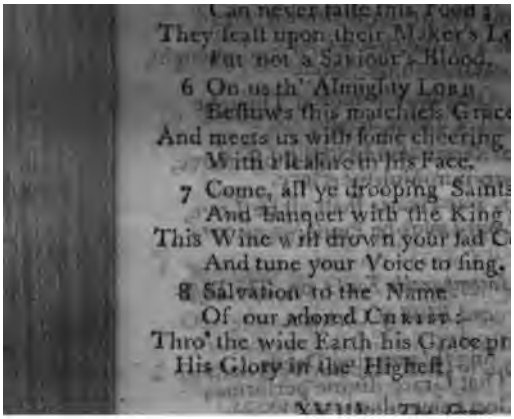
Our Hymns should sound like those above,
Could we our Voices raise;
Yet, LORD, our Hearts shall all be Love,
And all our Lives be Praise.

XVII. *Incomparable Food: or, The Flesh and Blood of* CHRIST.

[1 WE sing th' amazing Deeds
That Grace divine performs;
h' Eternal GOD comes down and bleeds
To nourish dying Worms.

2 This Soul-reviving Wine,
Dear Saviour, 'tis thy Blood;
Ve thank that sacred Flesh of thine
For this immortal Food.]

3 The Banquet that we eat
Is made of heav'nly Things;
arth has no Dainties half so sweet
As our Redeemer brings.


Can never fail this Food;
They feast upon their Maker's Lo
Put not a Saviour's Blood.
6 On us th' Almighty Lord
Bestows this matchless Grace
And meets us with some cheering
With pleasure in his Face.
7 Come, all ye drooping Saints
And banquet with the King
This Wine will drown your sad C
And tune your Voice to sing.
8 Salvation to the Name
Of our adored Saviour
Thro' the wide Earth his Grace pr
His Glory in the Highest.

n Earth is no ſuch Sweetneſs found,
or the Lamb's Fleſh is heav'nly Food:
vain we ſearch the Globe around
or Bread ſo fine, or Wine ſo good.
irnal Proviſions can at beſt
y cheer the Heart, or warm the Head;
it the rich Cordial that we taſte
ives Life eternal to the Dead.

y to the Maſter of the Feaſt;
is Name our Souls for ever bleſs;
) God the King, and God the Prieſt,
loud Hoſanna round the Place.

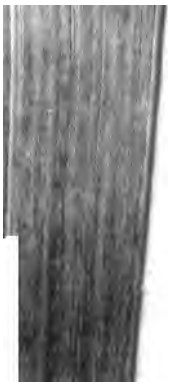
IX. *Glory in the Croſs: or, Not aſhamed of Chriſt crucified.*

T thy Command, our deareſt Lord,
Here we attend thy dying Feaſt;
ıy Blood like Wine adorns thy Board,
ıd thine own Fleſh feeds ev'ry Gueſt.

r Faith adores thy bleeding Love,
ıd truſts for Life in one that dy'd;
e Hope for heav'nly Crowns above,
ɔm a Redeemer crucify'd.

t the vain World pronounce it Shame,
ıd fling their Scandals on thy Cauſe;
e come to boaſt our Saviour's Name,
ıd make our Triumphs in his Croſs.

th Joy we tell the ſcoffing Age,
that was dead has left his Tomb;



1 LORD, we adore t
And ſing the ſole
Where ſweet celeſtial
For ev'ry willing G

[2 The Tree of Life ador
With rich immortal
And ne'er an angry flam
To guard the Paſſage

3 The Cup ſtands crown'd
The Fountain flows ab
And runs down ſtreamin
In Rivulets of Love.]

4 The Food's prepar'd by h
The Pleaſures well

The Triumphal Feaſt, for CHRIST's *Victory over Sin, and Death, and Hell.*

COME, let us lift our Voices high,
High as our Joys ariſe,
And join the Songs above the Sky,
Where Pleaſure never dies;

Jesus the GOD, that fought and bled,
And conquer'd when he fell;
That roſe, and at his Chariot-wheels
Dragg'd all the Pow'rs of Hell.]

Jesus the GOD, invites us here
To this triumphal Feaſt,
And brings immortal Bleſſings down
For each redeemed Gueſt.]

The LORD! how glorious is his Face!
How kind his Smiles appear!
And O! what melting Words he ſays
To ev'ry humble Ear!

For you, the Children of my Love,
" It was for you I dy'd;
Behold my Hands, behold my Feet,
" And look into my Side.

Theſe are the Wounds for you I bore,
" The Tokens of my Pains,
When I came down to free your Souls
" From Miſery and Chains.

Juſtice unſheath'd its fiery Sword,
" *And* plung'd it in my Heart,



9 " But while I bled, an
" I ruin'd Satan's T
" High on my Groſs I h
" The Monſter tumb
10 " Now you muſt trium
" And taſte my Fleſh,
" And live eternal Ages
" For 'tis immortal F
11 Victorious God! what
For Favours ſo divine
We would devote our He
To be for ever thine.]
12 We give thee, LORD, o
The Tribute of our To
But Thanks

Was ever equal Pity found?
The Prince of Heav'n refigns his Breath,
And pours his Life out on the Ground,
To ranſom guilty Worms from Death.

Rebels we broke our Maker's Laws;
He from the Threat'nings ſet us free,
Bore the full Veng'ance on his Croſs,
And nail'd the Curſes to the Tree.

The Law proclaims no Terror now;
And Sinai's Thunder roars no more;
From all his Wounds new Bleſſings flow;
A Sea of Joy without a Shore.

Here we have waſh'd our deepeſt Stains,
And heal'd our Wounds with heav'nly Blood;
Bleſs'd Fountain! ſpringing from the Veins
Of JESUS our incarnate God.

In vain our mortal Voices ſtrive
To ſpeak Compaſſion ſo divine;
Had we a thouſand Lives to give,
A thouſand Lives ſhould all be thine.

XXIII. *Grace and Glory by the Death of* CHRIST.

SItting around our Father's Board,
We raiſe our tuneful Breath;
Our Faith beholds the dying Lord,
And dooms our ſins to Death.

Our higheſt Gain ſprings from
Our Healing from thy Woun

4 O! 'tis impoſſible that we
Who dwell in feeble Clay,
Should equal Suff'rings bear for
Or equal Thanks repay.

XXIV. *Pardon and Strength from*

1 FAther we wait to feel thy Gra
To ſee thy Glories ſhine;
The LORD will his own Table bl
And make the Feaſt divine.

2 We touch, we taſte the heav'nly

[HAT will provide our Souls with Grace,
He bought a large Supply.

et us indulge a cheerful Frame,
For Joy becomes a Feaſt;
'e love the Mem'ry of his Name
More than the Wine we taſte.]

XXVI. *Divine Glories and Graces.*

OW are thy Glories here display'd!
Great God! how bright they ſhine!
hile at thy Word we break the Bread,
And pour the flowing Wine!

re thy revenging Juſtice ſtands,
And pleads its dreadful Cauſe;
re loving Mercy ſpreads her Hands,
Like Jeſus on the Croſs.

y Saints attend with ev'ry Grace
On this great Sacrifice;
d Love appears with cheerful Face,
And Faith with fixed Eyes.

r Hope in waiting Poſture ſits,
To Heav'n directs her Sight;
re ev'ry warmer Paſſion meets,
And warmer Pow'rs unite.

ıl and Revenge perform their Part,
And riſing Sin deſtroy:
ɔentance comes with aching Heart,
et not forbids the Joy.

I Cannot perſuade myſelf to put a
theſe Divine Hymns, till I ha
ſpiritual Song of Glory to GOD the FA
and the Holy SPIRIT. Though the
it, Gloria Patri, be retained in our
Roman Church; and though there may
of Superſtitious Honour paid to the W
may have wrought ſome unhappy Pre
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Parts of Chriſtian Worſhip. The S
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of the Divine Nature, that our LORD
has ſo clearly revealed unto Men, and
true Chriſtianity. The Arian is Pro
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ſhip. I have caſt the Song into a Va

DOXOLOGIES.

A Song of Praiſe to the ever-bleſſed Trinity, GOD THE FATHER, SON, *and* SPIRIT.

XXVI. *Firſt Long Metre.*

BLeſs'd be the FATHER, and his Love,
To whoſe celeſtial Source we owe
Rivers of endleſs Joys above,
And Rills of Comfort here below.

Glory to thee, great SON of GOD,
From whoſe dear wounded Body rolls
A precious Stream of vital Blood,
Pardon and Life for dying Souls.

We give thee, ſacred SPIRIT, Praiſe,
Who in our Hearts of Sin and Woe
Makes living Springs of Grace ariſe,
And into boundleſs Glory flow.

Thus GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the SPIRIT, we adore;
That Sea of Life and Love unknown,
Without a Bottom, or a Shore.

XXVII. *Firſt Common Metre.*

GLory to GOD the FATHER's Name,
Who from our ſinful Race
Choſe out his Fav'rites to proclaim
The Honours of his Grace.



rom whole Almigh
Our Souls their heav'
And bleſs the happy
4 Glory to God that reig
Th' Eternal Three a
Who by the Wonders
Has made his Nature

XXVIII.

1 LET God the FA
For ever on our
Sinners from his firſt Lo
The Ground of all th
2 Ye Saints, employ yo
In Honour to the Son,
Who bought

To the great One and Three,
That ſeal this Grace in Heav'n;
FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT, be
Eternal Glory giv'n.

XXIX. 2d *Long Metre.*

GLORY to GOD the Trinity,
Whoſe Name has Myſteries unknown;
Eſſence One, in Perſons Three;
A ſocial Nature, yet alone.

When all our nobleſt Pow'rs are join'd
The Honours of thy Name to raiſe,
thy Glories overmatch our Mind,
And Angels faint beneath the Praiſe.

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THE GOD of Mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our Souls from Death;
Who ſaves by his redeeming Word,
And new-creating Breath.

o praiſe the FATHER, and the SON,
And SPIRIT, all divine,
he One in Three, and Three in One,
Let Saints and Angels join.

" Infinite Pangs for you I bore,
" And moſt tormenting Smart.

8 " When Hell and all its ſpiteful Pow'rs
" Stood dreadful in my Way,
" To reſcue thoſe dear Lives of yours,
" I gave my own away.

9 " But while I bled, and groan'd, and dy'd,
" I ruin'd Satan's Throne;
" High on my Croſs I hung, and ſpy'd
" The Monſter tumbling down.

10 " Now you muſt triumph at my Feaſt,
" And taſte my Fleſh, my Blood;

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ie Prince of Heav'n refigns his Breath,
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And pleads its dreadful Cauſe;
Here ſaving Mercy ſpreads her Hands,
Like Jeſus on the Croſs.

Thy Saints attend with ev'ry Grace
On this great Sacrifice;
And Love appears with cheerful Face,
And Faith with fixed Eyes.

Our Hope in waiting Poſture ſits,
To Heav'n directs her Sight;
Here ev'ry warmer Paſſion meets,
And warmer Pow'rs unite.

Zeal and Revenge perform their Part,
And riſing Sin deſtroy:
Repentance comes with aching Heart,
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Th' Eternal Three and
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Has made his Nature kn

XXVIII. *First Short*

1 LET God the FATHE
For ever on our Tc
Sinners from his firſt Love
The Ground of all their
2 Ye Saints, employ your
In Honour to the SON,
Who bought your Souls from
By offering up Hi

To the great One and Three,
That ſeal this Grace in Heav'n,
FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT, be
Eternal Glory giv'n.

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In Eſſence One, in Perſons Three;
A ſocial Nature, yet alone.

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To praiſe the FATHER, and the SON,
And SPIRIT, all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let *Saints* and Angels join.

To God the Saviour pay the
And God the Comforter.

2 Father of Lights above,
Thy Mercy we adore,
The Son of thine Eternal Love,
And Spirit of thy Pow'r.

XXXII. 3d *Long Me*

TO God the Father, God t
And God the Spirit, Thr
Be Honour, Praise, and Glory
By all on Earth, and all in Hea

XXXIII. *Or thus*

ALL Glory to thy wond'rou
Father of Mercy, God of



XXXV. *Or thus:*

HOnour to Thee, Almighty Three,
And everlasting One!
All Glory to the FATHER be,
The SPIRIT, and the SON.

XXXVI. 3d *Short Metre.*

YE Angels round the Throne,
And Saints that dwell below,
Worship the FATHER, love the SON,
And bless the SPIRIT too.

XXXVII. *Or thus:*

GIVE to the FATHER Praise,
Give Glory to the SON,
And to the SPIRIT of his Grace
Be equal Honour done.

XXVIII. *A Song of Praise to the Blessed Trinity. The* 1st *as the* cxlviiith *Psalm.*

1 I Give immortal Praise
To GOD the FATHER's Love,
For all my Comforts here,
And better Hopes above:
He sent his own
Eternal SON,
To die for Sins
That Man had done.



And ſees the Fruit
Of all his Pains.

3 To God the Spirit
Immortal Worſhip
Whoſe new-creating
Makes the dead Sinn
His Work complet
The great Deſign,
And fills the Sou
With Joy Divine.

4 Almighty God! to T
Be endleſs Honours d
The Undivided Three
And the Myſterious O



To him that form'd
Our Hearts anew,
Is endleſs Praiſe
And Glory due.

2 The FATHER's Love ſhall run
Thro' our immortal Songs;
We bring to GOD the SON
Hoſannas on our Tongues;
Our Lips addreſs
The SPIRIT's Name
With equal Praiſe
And Zeal the ſame.

3 Let ev'ry Saint above,
And Angel round the Throne,
For ever bleſs and love
The ſacred Three in One:
Thus Heav'n ſhall raiſe
His Honours high,
When Earth and Time
Grow old and die.

XL. *The* 3d *or the* CXVIIIth Pſalm.

TO GOD the FATHER's Throne
Perpetual Honours raiſe,
Glory to GOD the SON,
To GOD the SPIRIT Praiſe.
And while our Lips
Their Tribute bring,
Our Faith adores
The Name we ſing.



Salvation, Pow'r,
And Praise be giv
By all on Earth,
And all in Heav

The HOSANNA.

XLII. *Lion*

1 HOsanna to King D
Who reigns on a
We bless the Prince of
Who brings Salvation n

2 Let ev'ry Nation, ev'ry
In this delightful Work
Old Men and Babes in
The growing Glories of



XLIV. *Short Metre.*

1 HOsanna to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the News of Pardon down,
And bought it with his Blood.

2 To Christ th' anointed King
Be endless Blessings giv'n;
Let the whole Earth his Glory sing,
Who made our Peace with Heav'n.

XLV. *As the* cxlviiith Psalm.

1 HOsanna to the King
Of David's ancient Blood;
Behold he comes to bring
Forgiving Grace from God:
Let Old and Young
Attend his Way;
And at his Feet
Their Honours lay.

2 Glory to God on High,
Salvation to the Lamb;
Let Earth, and Sea, and Sky,
His wond'rous Love proclaim.
Upon his Head
Shall Honours rest,
And ev'ry Age
Pronounce him blest.



I A

To find any

or Co

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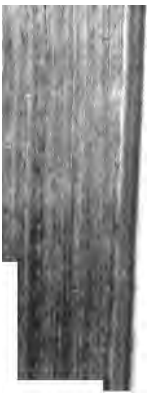


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